

Flushed for Winter

by Rachael Rothman

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Summary: He died, and has lost everything... only to be reborn with a new purpose. As he awakens, he finds himself in the present, where he is declared a 'spirit'. But something lingers in the dark, searching for him. And his only hope? The Guardians. Now if only Jack Frost would quit staring at him like that...

1. Newborn Spirit

****8east: ****First chapter/prologue! I don't see the difference. Just read and enjoy, and tell me what you think.

LOVE ALL YOU HIJACKERS/FROSTCUPPERS OUT THERE!

* * *

><p>Flushed for Winter
****_Chapter One. WOOT. _**

* * *

><p>"FASTER! C'mon, Toothless, _we can do this_!"

Thunder roared as the battle raged on. The Vikings of Berk were definitely winning, with the advantage of pure manpower and dragons on their side. Alvin's army was slowly crushed, most of his remaining men choosing to flee the battle.

So Alvin had decided to play dirty.

As Stoick neared him, eyes narrowed and ready to strike, he grabbed the nearest person by the wrist.

"IF I GO DOWN, SHE'LL BE COMING WITH ME!" He roared; spit flying from his lips, his eyes bloodshot. The one he grabbed had been a beautiful teenaged blonde, her eyes wide with terror as Alvin neared the edge

of the cliff.

Astrid. Alvin had taken _Astrid_. They were so close to the edge, they were going to _fall_â^'

Hiccup needed no further notion; he stepped down hard on the pedal, urging Toothless towards the two. He couldn't let Astrid fall! It was a straight drop into the ocean, and though the water was deep enough to save someone from dyingâ€|

Those rocks would kill them. Sharp, jagged and sticking out of the water like middle-fingers Snotlout and Tuffnut flashed at him when they got annoyed by his lectures.

"_Astrid_! Hold out your hand!"

And _finally_, they neared them, Toothless in a diving position as they followed Alvin and Astrid over the cliff.

She gasped, her hand stretched out, like his. He grit his teeth and grasped the tip of her fingers, yanking her into his arms.

Yes!

But his victory was short-lived.

Alvin, with a final cry of rage, flung his chain towards the trio, the sharp edge snagging Hiccup's prosthetic foot. He gasped as he was jerked off the saddle, releasing Astrid immediately and flipping over so his back was facing Alvin, staring at his two closest friends.

"HICCUP! HOLD ON, WE'LL SAVE YOU!"

The blonde gripped Toothless' saddle tightly and she leaned her body forwards, urging the Night Fury to go faster.

But Hiccup shook his head.

As they fell, the bottom was nearing. There wouldn't be enough time.

He looked his best friend in the eyes.

"Go."

Toothless and Astrid looked back at him fearfully. Then without warning, Toothless flew off into the air straight ahead, a heart-breaking roar filling his ears accompanied by Astrid's cries of his name.

He closed his eyes, trying to block out gruesome images as he felt Alvin jerk to a stop, releasing his chain.

Hiccup opened them again as he fell deeper in-between the rocks.

The last thing he saw was the moon.

It all went black.

North looked up from the jigsaw puzzle he had been working on, pushing an annoying little elf away from his masterpiece (the little runt had been trying to solve it, but he was only messing it up more apparently).

This feelingâ€¦ he neared the window of his personal workshop, pushing it open with a finger.

The moon's rays beamed down onto his face, his white beard gleaming brightly in the night.

His eyes widened.

* * *

><p>"A new spirit is born."

North blinked. _Wha_t? A newâ€¦ spirit? He knew it was a rare occurrence... spirits being born. He remembered his birth, it was a day into the winter season .

His lips twitched upwards as he thought of winter, and coincidentally, Jack Frost. That boy was like a son to him. It had been a while since he had seen the spirit, after the whole fiasco with Pitchâ€¦'

No, no, North. Stay _focused_.

"The a new spirit... Now I wonder what his title is." He murmured, eye-balling the Man in the Moon, and then heaving a sigh.

"_Be patient. He will come to you. For like Jack, he serves a great purpose."_

North rubbed his temples. "I hope this young one will be able to find his wayâ€¦ from what young Jack Frost has said, it doesn't sound easy waking up aloneâ€¦ without memoriesâ€¦" He trailed off, an unamused look on his face as he flicked away the elf that had been poking him with a hammer.

The moon simply shone back at him. It seemed that the Man in the Moon was done talking for the moment.

"New spiritâ€¦ I hope you find your way."

2. Blessings from the East

**8east: **WTF thanks for all your support! So here's the second chapter, though this one is kinda boring and draggy- it's crucial that you get a grasp of this chapter 'cuz it has some elements that will be used later on in the main plot.

And oh yeah- if it's not clear yet, Hiccup died (duh) and it's been hundreds of years! It's something like what happened to Captain America, but WAY more extreme... plus it has yaoi in it. IKR AWESOME.

Bless all you Hijackers/Frostcupperts out there. I'm lusushout on

tumblr, by the way, do reccomend some good Jack/Hiccup tumblrblogs for me to follow!

Enjoy~

* * *

><p>NOTICE:

**Dear Readers, **

**I've been notified that something has gone wrong with this chapter- the part where Hiccup has woken up and discovered the change in his surroundings and appearance has somehow managed to mysteriously disappear. **

No fucking idea how the fuck it happened but I'm very sorry for any confusion caused to new readers! Here's the changes:

1. There has been a slight change in landscape in Berk (there's a beach now, and the waters are warmer).

**2. Like Jack, after Hiccup woke up, his hair and eyes changed colour. He now has RED hair (not a ginger) and yellowish-greenish eyes. He's wearing the same outfit from when he died, just like Jack, but missing his vest and boots. **

**3. HICCUP'S PROSTHETIC LEG HAS BEEN HEALED. **

**I don't have time to type out the missing part now, due to the rushing of Chapter 7 that's LONG overdue, and uh... well to be honest I haven't actually done any of my holiday homework yet and school is reopening in a few days... so yeah. **

**So sorry! You can all bitch-slap me later. **

**A BIG THANK YOU to Underworld Angel for telling me about this! :D
**

**Love, **

**8east **

(28 December 2012)

* * *

><p>Flushed for Winter
**_Not fucking up yet. Chapter 2!_

* * *

><p>Hiccup shivered as he finally dared open an eye. They were probably thousands of meters over the sea by now- and he had no idea where he was headed. He gasped as he wobbled, flailing his arms madly as he was flipped over by the strong gusts.<p>

He couldn't see clearly at the speed they were going; it was much faster than what he usually experienced with Toothless.

â€| Where _was _Toothless, anyway? And everybody else? Were they back in the village, waiting for him? And how long had he been down there? Hundreds of questions poured into his weak and exhausted state of mind, demanding answers.

He shook his head furiously, squeezing his eyes shut once more. He was sick of the strong wind blowing in his face, the feeling of nakedness without his vest and boots. He wore more than this to _sleep_, for Odin's sake!

Then he smelled something. It was rather odd, and kind ofâ€| burning. Something like his father's cookingâ€| good old mulch stew.

He gagged. It left a lot to be desired. A cold burst of wind attacked his right side, and he winced as it cut against his cheek, a small trickle of blood running down the side of his face.

Then he started falling.

Stunned for a moment, Hiccup could only gape as he was blown towards the earth at an amazing speed- _then _he started to flail uncontrollably, tears falling from the edge of his eyes, fluttering into the air above him.

"_AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Suddenly, he jerked to a stop, letting out a loud 'oomph' as he felt something hard and scaly collide with his gut. He groped around blindly, not daring to open his eyes. His fingers brushed against something hard and cold, layered into a continuous pattern. It was similar to Toothless' but a lot bigger and harder.

He opened an eye, and gasped.

The _scales_ were a magnificent white.

"What the- what is this?!" He pushed himself up onto the white body, feeling it flex and move underneath him. It was long and slim, and Hiccup could see something amongst the mist ahead.

Was thatâ€| a head?! This was a dragon of some kind, perhapsâ€| But it didn't have wings! How could a long, giant lizard be floating through the air?! It defied everything he had ever learned about physics and mechanics!

"_Calm yourself, child. Hold on tight. I'll take you somewhere safe_."

â€| Okay, a giant lizard floating through the air that could _talk_.

He felt them lowering down to the ground, much more gently compared to his fall, thank Odin. Then _finally_, they landed with a small thump, the creature lowering its legs (long and thin, Hiccup noted), allowing him to slip off it.

"Uhâ€| thanks for catching me!" Hiccup said nervously, scratching his head. The white-scaled lizard turned its body, the head leaning down to Hiccup's short figure. Hiccup's bright green eyes widened, gaping at the _dragon_.

It was elegant and beautiful, a different kind of beautiful from the dragons back home in Berk. The body was long and sleek, allowing it to pierce through air and water at high speeds. Its head had two long whiskers protruding from the edges of the jaw, the nostrils placed at the end of its snout. Also, two long pearly-white horns pointed proudly upwards from its forehead, giving it a very intimidating feel.

However, the most breathtaking part was the eyes.

Bright sky-blue, with cat-like pupils, stared at Hiccup with a calm and steady gaze.

"_You're welcome, child. Now pray tell, why are you here? You are a long way from home, are you not?"_

Hiccup nodded. "I don't know. I woke up, my hair was _red_ and my eyes were so _bright_ and then my leg was back_" He stuck out his foot for the dragon to see. "And there was a BEACH and everybody was gone and then I _FLEW_" Hiccup flailed his arms, eyes wide and panting heavily.

Oh great, he'd just made an ass out of himself- in less than a minute, no less. He could almost hear Ruffnut and Tuffnut snickering behind him.

The dragon merely stared back. Hiccup swallowed nervously. There was a moment of silence before the white dragon chose to speak again.

"_I see. I can only presume that you're a newborn. Climb on my back, I will take you to the Emperor_"

Hiccup blinked. Newborn? He wasn't a kid, he was seventeen! And what was this Emperor the dragon spoke of?

"_Trust me, young one. You will receive the answers soon enough. The moon beckons- I can feel it in my heart_"

Sighing, the red-haired teen heaved himself back onto the dragon once again.

"Alright uh, I'm Hiccup. And you are?"

"_Forgive my lack of manners. I am Bai Long, the White Dragon Sprite_"

* * *

><p>Bunnymund scowled as he flicked a spider off his knee. He was bored. It was almost winter, and it was Jack Frost and North's time to shine, not his.<p>

And instead of enjoying his free time like he ought to be, he was brooding because of something the Man in the Moon told him.

"_Keep Hiccup safe. He will come to you very soon_"

What the _blazes_ did that mean?! Keep hiccup safe? Was he going to

get a very bad case of the hiccups? Then continue hiccupping until Moonie told him to stop?

What else could that mean? Sometimes he just wished Moonie would quit all this _mysterious rhymes_ and tell it to him straight.

He really hated riddles and mysteries. Unless it was the great mysterious Easter egg Hunt!

Bunnymund facepalmed and heaved a sigh, standing up and scratching his ear.

He'd better consult North about this.

Drumming his feet against the floor, a big hole opened up and he jumped in, bounding towards the North Pole.

* * *

><p>It was getting cold, almost as bad as Berk's strongest blizzard. But for some reason, he wasn't shaking. He merely felt the chilly winds brush against his skin, and then it just passed, like it was nothing.<p>

Odd? Was he immune to the cold? Or perhaps he was dead- just a spirit? Nobody could have survived that dive.

He just hoped Toothless and Astrid managed to come out of it unscathed.

Ah well, he'd just consider this anti-cold thing a perk of being dead. At least _Old Man Winter_ wouldn't be able to nip at his nose with the same effect!

Bai was slowly ascending, up what resembled a trail of dangerous looking rocks and jagged corners. Were they scaling up a _mountain_? What was the dragon thinking, bringing them here?

This continued for a few more minutes, as it got progressively colder. Hiccup thanked whatever had healed his leg- if he still had his prosthetic on, it would have been infected by now, damaging the rest of his real leg and probably paralyzing him.

As they slowly flew higher and higher, the clouds and the mist thinned. It wasn't long before they erupted from the last of the misty air.

Hiccup did a double take- _a palace_? He eyeballed the sturdy structure that seemed to be floating on the clouds. It was oriental in design, very foreign to him. The palace seemed to be made out of wood, but _much more_ elaborate than the houses he saw daily on Berk.

There were carved statues and designs into the walls and on the roofs, and each floor was stacked on top of the other like a layered mud cake (he'd seen enough of those in his childhood thanks to the twins, thank you very much).

The guards caught his attention in particular. Though they seemed small from the height Bai flew over the palace, he knew that up

close, they would be twice his father's height _at least_.

"Where are you taking me?" Hiccup whispered anxiously to Bai, leaning toward and resting his chest against the upper-area of the dragon's neck. The latter only purred in response, the strong vibrations from its throat running down the length of his body.

It was the same thing Toothless did to reassure Hiccup when he was nervous. It made his urge to find his friend even stronger. It just didn't feel right to be in the air- without Toothless.

Like eating a steak and trying to cut it using a spoon instead of a knife. It got the job done _somehow_, but it still wasn't _right_.

He didn't have much time to think any deeper into it- for Bai had landed. Right in the middle of the central grounds of the palace, in front of the highest layered building in the area. He could only presume it was where this 'Emperor' resided.

"You're back." A voice said, ahead of them.

It was calm and soft, and yet it was underlined with steel, and the wisdom that came with age. An aged man stepped out of the misty background, dressed in robes made out of spun gold. He had a long, white beard that was combed smooth and tangle free, tied with a silk embroidered band at the end.

A far cry from his father's own messy mane, and rather odd to him; he _was_ a Viking, after all.

"_Yes, Your Majesty. I have returned, as swiftly as the wind could carry me. And I have foundâ€¦ a newborn_." Bai nudged Hiccup forwards with his snout, gently pushing the red-haired teen's back.

Tutting, the Emperor furrowed his (rather long) snowy-white brow.

"He is a spirit of Western descent. We are in no position to interfere. Where did you come across this one?"

"_He was flying across the southern border, towards the lower parts of Asia, where the sun shines brightest. But then he began fallingâ€¦ his journey interrupted by shadows of the dark. I merely saved him and brought him here to consult with you, my lord_."

The royal nodded and stroked his beard contemplatively, then took a few more steps towards Hiccup. The latter swallowed, not used to being silently scrutinised.

Vikings preferred using their loud and boisterous voicesâ€¦ and who could forget their fists?

"So, what is your title, young one?"

Hiccup blinked. "Uhâ€¦ title?"

"â€¦ Indeed, he is newborn," The Emperor chuckled softly. Hiccup couldn't bring himself to be annoyed- the man meant no harm. And he turned to Bai, stroking the dragon's pearly-white scales.

"The language I'm speaking. It is _Norse_. It is the language you use to communicate, one that belongs miles and miles away from here," He paused, his jade-green eyes boring into Hiccup's bright-green ones. "For the winds to have been carrying you _south_â€| You must have a Guardian to take care of you."

"Huh?" Was Hiccup's intelligent response, prompting another chuckle from the old man.

"There is only one Western Spirit I believe would be adequate to the task, and from around that particular areaâ€| _Easter Rabbit, _I believe it was?"

"_Yes, Your Majesty_."

"Good, good. Then escort him to the Australian continent." The Emperor turned to Hiccup, and the dragon rider detected a tinge of worry in that expression. "Recently, there has been an uprising of the shadow realm's creatures around my castle. It would not bode well for you to be caught up in this. Especially not one of _your_ kind, Bai."

The white dragon stilled. "_One of my kind_?!"

Hiccup bit his lip. Could it have something to do with him and his companionship with dragons? Sure, Bai and Toothless looked nothing alikeâ€| but they were both of the same species, just from different continents.

Hiccup had encountered only Englishmen and Hungarians when they sailed to Berk for trade every summer. They were the only kind of foreigners that Hiccup had ever encountered; though he had heard rumours of countries to the east, where they had hair _and_ eyes as black as the night.

Hiccup sighed softly in wonder, contemplating how many other kinds of civilisations and people were out there. How many different kinds of _dragons_ were out there! Look at Bai; the sprite was unlike anything he had _ever_ _seen!

"Ah, do _not_ _ask any more questions! Take the boy to where he belongs and return here immediately. Your brothers are all busy with their given tasks from the generals, and yet you have been given the freedom of being a messenger. Do not abuse this freedom, sprite."

"â€| _I understand. Come, Hiccup_." The dragon lowered his feet, allowing the teenager to climb onto his back once more, but managed to adjust himself more comfortably, wrapping his legs firmly around the creature's lower neck.

"Goodbye, young one. May your future be blessed with prosperity." The old man gave him a kind smile, and a little wave.

And they took off, Bai descending down the marbled steps, into the mist once more.

"_It will be_." The dragon remarked, an amused snort escaping him. Hiccup blinked, hating the feeling of being so confused, so lost.

He couldn't even get the _jokes_, for Odin's sake!

Sensing the spirit's discomfort, Bai hastened to explain.

"_He blessed you. And when he blesses you, it will always bring prosperity to your doorstep. Much like Cai Sheng Yeâ€| but better_."

"Why? Is he some kind ofâ€| magician?"

The white dragon laughed, the muscles beneath Hiccup flexing as the dragon propelled himself faster.

"_No, you silly boy. He is the Jade Emperor. He is my god_."

* * *

><p>(1) Jade Emperor - he's the strongest celestial being in Chinese mythology, if I'm not wrong. Then again I'm basing my facts after what I already know; coming from a Chinese family doesn't hurt when it comes to these things ;D

(2) Bai Long - One of the great rivers of China. He and his dragon brothers pitied the humans in a drought long ago and became... I'm not gonna spoil it for you. Go look it up, it's an interesting myth!

(3) Cai Sheng Ye - Someone my parents and the adults REALLY like. He's the God of Fortune in Chinese culture, and they welcome his blessings (for money) into their homes with the upside down 'Fu' sign. (Fu Dao - Fortune is here)

If you're still kinda confused, feel free to ask! I love telling stories :D

AND THE LYING DOESN'T COUNT.

3. They Meet At Last

8east: **Thank you for all the encouraging reviews! You guys are_great_, and as promised, here's the third chapter, as quickly as my fingers could move their lazy butts. And yes, **FINALLY they meet. Sorry to keep you waiting!

Hope this chapter tickles your funny bone, I added lots of humor and SARCASM into it. Just imagine the characters speaking using their voice actor's voices and the animated images of them. It'd be funnier. Hehe.

Happy reading, babes!

* * *

><p>Flushed for Winter
**_FUCK YEAH it's chapter THREE! THREEEEEEEEEEE! And I was like YOOOOOOOO!_

* * *

><p>North laughed heartily as he pulled Jack into a big bear hug.<p>

"Ah, Jack Frost! It's been awhile, eh? You should visit more often. Phill misses you, talks about you all the time!"

Jack raised his eyebrows and turned to said Yeti, who began shaking his head furiously, grumbling about false accusations. He grinned and gave the Yeti a cheeky wave, then followed behind North towards his office.

All was well. Bringing snow days, initiating snowball fights, flying around- not to mention creating new and unique snowflake patterns every day.

So he'd decided to pay his old friend a visit- they hadn't seen each other since they had defeated Pitch together, and it was probably time to reconnect. He'd just visited Tooth and Sandy, so now there was North and Bunnymund left.

It was just stupid to visit North a few days before Christmas; but as always, the man made time for him. And that was something he always appreciated.

"So, what's going on? Anything new upped the radar?" Jack flopped himself onto a comfy leather chair once they reached the workshop, ignoring a nearby elf that glared at him. They didn't really like him on account of the time he nicked a few cookies off their plate.

Hehehe.

"Oh, that is a very interesting question, Jack Frost. In factâ^"

"NORTH! Oy, ya in there, mate?" A loud voice carried from the other side of the door, along with a Yeti (probably Phill again, poor thing) protesting loudly.

Jack snickered, placing his staff onto the coffee table and drawing his knees to his chest, while North sighed and stomped over to the door, yanking it open.

Bunnymund stood there, an annoyed look across his furry features. Yanking the bunny in, North shut the door, ignoring Phill's squawking.

Poor Phill.

"What is it, Bunny? Something happened with the eggs? No waitâ^' don't tell meâ€| they hatched into little bunny wabbits!" Jack cooed, sticking out his upper teeth, mimicking a rabbit as he swiped his hand across his cheek furiously.

Bunnymund narrowed his eyes.

North just stared, slightly confused.

"Not as bad as what's goin' on with your hair. Looks like one of 'em kids dumped some wax shavings on ya' head." The Aussie replied, a

little smug smirk on his face (snout?).

Before Jack could counter back with another insult, North stepped in between them, heaving a heavy sigh. Nudging (well, shoving) Bunnymund towards his desk, he began tinkering with the last few toys he'd prepared for this year's Christmas gift giving.

"So, what has happened? It must have been urgent, yes?" North asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, I got a message. From _Moonie_."

Jack leaned in, suddenly _very_ interested in the conversation. A message from the Man in the Moonâ€¦ had something happened? More trouble with insecure whiner bags like Pitch?

"Oh, it's about that new spirit, eh?" North replied, smiling widely. Bunnymund and Jack gaped, their eyes wide.

"You _knew_?!" Bunnymund exclaimed.

"_New spirit_?!" Jack demanded, and _accidentally-on-purpose_ jabbed his staff into Bunnymund's back, shoving him aside.

"Woah!" The bunny tripped over a loose floorboard, stumbled over his own two pawsâ€¦ _and_ _landed_ on his bum.

On some elves.

On the _cookies_.

"_Ow_." The Easter Bunny groaned, his feet up, shooing away the outraged elves as they tried to nibble his paws off for crushing their snack.

Ignoring them, North turned back to Jack.

"Well, yes. There has been a birth! A cause for _celebration_!" The man exclaimed, pumping a fist into the air.

Jack raised an eyebrow. "Hey, nobody celebrated _my_ birth."

"I can understand why, you _mole hoppin' rat_." Bunnymund grumbled from the floor.

Then he sat up, dusting himself. "Moonie told me somethin' about a _hiccup_. Andâ€¦ keeping it safeâ€¦?" From his tone, North and Jack could tell that he didn't get it either.

"A hiccup, you say. Could that be the boy's name?" North pondered.

There was a moment of silence.

Then Bunnymund, Jack and North burst out laughing, North clutching his belly and collapsing into his desk's chair.

More laughing.

"No wait, it _is_ his name." The bearded man declared suddenly,

halting Jack and Bunnymund in their snickering.

"How could you know that? Moonie told ya again, didn't he?" The rabbit asked, narrowing his eyes. "You two, gettin' all pally and leaving out all the detailsâ^'"

"Oh, no. I can feel it. In my belly!" North said happily, as if that explained everything.

Bunnymund opted for an exasperated expression.

"Well he was right the last time." The snow spirit reasoned. "So when is this new guy gonna show? Maybe I could give a few pointers. Have a little heart-to-heart. Y'know, good ol'â€| bonding stuff." Jack grinned mischievously.

"Oh, yes! That is a very good idea, Jack Frost!" Santa patted him on the back, tossing him a green hand-knitted scarf. "Here, you take this for good suggestion."

Jack stared blankly at the piece of clothing. "Uhâ€| thanks."

'It's not even my colour.' He grumbled inwardly, pocketing it in his hoodie. Ah well. Maybe it could be used later on in a prank.

"So, it is decided then! Jack will follow you back to welcome this new spirit. Make him feel welcome, and don't forget to bring him and yourselves here for Christmas Dinner! Everyone will be arriving in the evening, and I will be done with the presents in the morning. Now if you will excuse me, I have work to do. Goodbye!"

And North grabbed them both by the scruff and shoved them out of his office, slamming the door shut.

Well, it was Christmas in a few days. He had plenty to do.

Bunnymund glared at Jack, who smiled innocently at him in return.

"Alright, you're followin' me backâ€| but no funny business, are we clear on that?"

"Okay, okay, sheesh! Don't lean so close- I can smell the carrots."

Grumbling unintelligibly under his breath, the rabbit drummed his feet on the floor, causing a hole to emerge once again. All that lingered was the signature flowers that bloomed in the spot where the hole had sealed itself back to its original form.

Phill the Yeti breathed a sigh of relief.

* * *

><p>"Here we are, Hiccup." Bai landed on a patch of dry grass, the movements of his long figure creating small gusts of wind, startling a few of the woodland animals.

The red-haired spirit slid off his escort, stroking Bai's scales affectionately. The latter purred contentedly- it had been awhile since he had been touched so gently. This boy's hands were gentle and calloused, the signs of a kind spirit and a hard worker.

"Thanks, _Ba-ai_." Hiccup grinned sheepishly at the dragon, struggling to pronounce the Chinese accented name. The dragon nodded in reply, nuzzling the red-haired boy's palm.

"_Now, when you land, keep going straight and follow the light at the end of the tunnel. You will arrive in the Easter Rabbit's Warren. Tell him your name. It should suffice_."

"Yeah, if he doesn't _laugh_ me off first." Hiccup grumbled, knowing the effect his name had on people. One of the English traders had told him what his name meant in their language.

That had been a rather bad day.

"_Goodbye, Hiccup. I wish you good luck on your journey into spiritude_." The dragon bowed his head slightly and lifted off the ground. Hiccup smiled softly.

â€| Huh?

"Wait! Where's the entrance!" He cried, looking around anxiously on the patch of grass. Bai remained silent, watching him.

And _then_, he felt it. The ground began sinking beneath his feet. He gasped and made to jump out of the sinking area, but it was too late!

He fell, down into a dark hole.

He hoped Bai had already taken off, considering how loud he was shrieking. As he felt the sudden twists and turns, and the wind blowing his hair back, he then deduced that he definitely preferred navigation with _light_.

At least he was able to see where he was going. In the darkness, he felt blind and stupid, not knowing when the next turn was, or the next drop.

"_Ooof_!" He landed on his bum, wincing as he felt the impact up his spine. Looking forwards, he noted that Bai had been right. At the end of the darkness of the tunnel, there was light.

Scrambling to his feet, Hiccup took off, half walking and half running, eager to get out of the darkness.

As soon as he reached the end, he narrowed his eyes into slits as the bright light assaulted his pupils. Finger-combing his hair back neatly from its disheveled state, he looked around.

There was nobody here.

"â€| H-Hello? Anybody home?" He tried, turning to look around. It was beautiful, and reminded him of the cove he and Toothless shared, with its green grass and egg-like statuesâ€|

Wait, what?

Then the ground began rumbling, and the grass started to sink near to his front. He backed away quickly, hoping it wasn't going to be another fallâ€¦

* * *

><p>"Woo hoo!" Jack exclaimed, enjoying the feel of zooming around on Bunnymund's underground slide. Practically a playground, it was better than he'd remembered, considering North wasn't here this time to smoosh his bottom against his face.<p>

Ugh. Bad thoughts. _Bad thoughts_.

Unfortunately, the ride had come to an end _sometime_.

As the ground above them opened up, Bunnymund leapt upwards. Jack followed suit and gripped his staff, flying up into the brightness, landing on the field of healthy green grass.

Wincing as the bright light hit his eyes; he covered them with an arm, and felt someone standing a few feet in front of him.

"H-Helloâ€¦" A nervous, scratchy voice sounded towards them.

His eyes snapped open.

"Ah, you must be the new spirit. Pleasure to meet ya, mate. Don't worry; we'll be gettin' everything straightened out by sundown." Bunnymund walked over, gripping the boy's hand in his furry paw, ignoring the bug-eyed stare the other was giving him.

Right, humans didn't usually meet talking bunnies at a height of 6'2.

Jack bit his lip, studying the person in front of him. He had crimson-red hair, slightly longish that just brushed against his shoulders, layered messily. His eyes were greenish-yellow, and they seemed to glow, even in the sun. His facial features were rather cute and feminine, with a button-like nose and innocent doe-like eyes.

And those petal pink-lips, quirked into a nervous smile. Not to mention those _freckles_â€¦ that looked so familiarâ€¦

Uh oh. He knew this guy.

"I'm Hiccupâ€¦" He muttered nervously, eying Bunnymund. The latter raised his eyebrows, silent. Then he puffed out his cheeks and nodded quickly. "Uh, right. I'm Bunnymund, and this _lad_ over 'ere'sâ€¦"

"_Hey_. It's been awhile."

Hiccup jumped. _That voice_.

He snapped his gaze towards the other person, taking in snow-white hair and crystal-blue eyes. But there was no mistaking that arrogant

smirk. He gasped, and did a double take.

"_YOU_!"

"â€| Yeah, me." Jack grinned sheepishly.

They continued to stare into each other's eyes, ignoring Bunnymund's confused state. Both remembered what had happened between them a long, long time ago.

* * *

><p>"Jack, let's go see the village! I wanna see VIKINGS!" Janet exclaimed, reaching her arms out towards her brother. The brunet grinned and lifted his sister off the boat, nodding to his mother and father, who had been unloading their trading stock.

"_We'll be back in a while!" He called out, allowing his little sister to climb onto his back. Their mother gave him a little wave, reminding them to be careful. _

_And they were off! Janet giggling madly as her brother tugged gently on her long brown hair, making whooshing noises. _

_Unfortunately, he didn't notice where he was going. _

_They crashed right into someone, the three of them all falling onto the ground. Janet managed to escape unscathed, scrambling off her brother's back to the side, eying the remaining two left groaning on the wooden boardwalk. _

Jack snapped his eyes open, eying the messed up head of brown hair, ready to apologise. He opened his mouth, leaning back to get a better look of his victim.

But thenâ€| he saw that face.

_Those magnificent green eyes, filled with spark and life, and the long dark lashes that framed them. The person had a cute little button-nose and freckles scattered across her face, forming a constellation of their own. Pink lips were fixed into a nervous smile. _

_This girl was _hot_. _

"_Hey there, beautiful. You okay?" He winked at her, offering her a hand. The girl's eyes widened, her mouth forming an 'o' shape, making choking noises. He raised his eyebrows. Most of the girls in his village considered him to be rather good-looking. _

_Was he hideous or something to Vikings? He sure hoped not.

_

"_C'mon, I'm not THAT scary, am I?" He smirked cheekily, leaning in closer to her, enjoying the heated blush that bloomed across her freckled cheeks. _

"Hiccup_! What's going on here?!" _

_Jack looked up to the owner of the pair of large feet that had

appeared to the girl's right. He stared right into angry brown eyes. The boy was tough looking, very muscular and menacing. _

"_Oh, I am SO sorry; I didn't know you had a boyfriendâ^'"_

_She let out a squeak and leapt to her feet, glaring down at Jack.

_

_It was then that Jack noticed that the girl had no boobs. _

"_I'm a guy!" Sheâ€| HE squeaked, crossing his arms over his chest, noticing where Jack was staring. "And he's my COUSIN," The pretty looking boy pointed to the tough-looking one next to him. _

"_He thought I was your BOYFRIEND?! Ewwwww!" The taller Viking grimaced, exchanging glances with his cousin and the both of them shuddered, coupled with gagging motions. _

_Jack blinked. Then he grinned sheepishly, scrambling to his feet and realizing that he was a good head taller than the cutie. His cousin was about the same height as himself. _

"_Wellâ€| that works. Wanna hang out with me tonight?" He winked at his conquest, an outraged squeak of protest escaping the latter.

_

_The last thing he knew was a fist driving into his right eye and knocking him backwards onto the ground, and hearing Janet's squeak of alarm. _

_Oh shit, he'd just hit on someone in front of his _little sister_.

_

"_Snotlout! You didn't have to PUNCH him!" _

"_Who cares! C'mon, Hiccup, let's go!" _

_So Hiccup was his nameâ€| _

And then he blacked out.

* * *

><p>Hiccup narrowed his eyes at Jack, a little scowl forming on his lips.<p>

Jack merely laughed nervously, taking a small step back.

Uh oh _indeed_.

4. Heartless

**8east: **Ahhhhh, thank you SOOO much for all the support! I love how you guys are so concerned with Toothless. I'm pretty sure you'll be happy with what happens later on though, so don't worry about it too much. Any questions will be answered in a PM or a review. Unless it's too big a spoiler!

Okay, on with the story! Tell me if I'm being too unrealistic, but

make it _nice_, okay? I appreciate professional criticism, not blind flames.

* * *

><p>Flushed for Winter
*_Chapter FOUR. Oh hell yeah bby boo. (Anyone know of Larry Stylinson?)_

* * *

><p>He was getting tired of this.<p>

Bunnymund growled, poking Jack in the side. The latter snapped out of his thoughts, almost hitting his rival in the face with his staff as he turned.

"_What's goin' on_? Have you met?" He asked, looking back and forth between Jack and Hiccup, wrinkling his nose.

The redhead coughed, staring off to the side. "Well, you could say that." Hiccup's words were accented with Norse, making it difficult for Bunnymund to understand. But it was doable, and who was he to complain? Each spirit was unique, there was one from all over the world, and they all spoke in a particular way.

Look at Sandy, even. He didn't even _speak_!

"Could you _please_ explain to me what is going on? I'm confused. Where is my dragon, and my village? Have they been relocated?" Light-green eyes bore into Bunnymund's darker green ones. The Pooka cleared his throat, knowing that this was going to be hard to explain.

"I 'unno what's happened to ya village, mate. Sorry 'bout that. And you're a spirit now, d'you know what that means?"

Hiccup shook his head, his eyes downcast. Jack furrowed his brow, knowing how he felt. Maybe he felt _worse_. When Jack had been born as a spirit, he didn't remember anything; no friends, no family, no village.

It would be harder for Hiccup to let go. He still remembered, hence the emotional pain would be heavier. Maybe the Man in the Moon had been right in letting him forget. He couldn't imagine waking up alone, _dead_, with Janet and his parents not being able to see him.

"Wellâ€| you've been chosen, mate. For â€| a _greater_ purpose. Ya notice how you're lookin' different?"

Hiccup blinked, then nodded silently, hand unconsciously fondling a lock of his red hair.

"Well, that's a sign. Of a new spirit, I mean. When you're chosen, your appearance changes accordin' to ya title, and you become immortal. Like when ya' died. You _do_ remember that, don't ya?"

The dragon-rider nodded again, eyes wide. _Immortal_?

Oh _Thor almighty_â€| what had he gotten himself into? He drew

trouble to himself as effectively as a plate of hot mutton stew did to Snotlout after a day's worth of training.

"Well, when you're chosen, ya go through a 'hibernation period'. Like me, I woke up fifty years after I changed, right here in this lil' hideout." Bunnymund gestured to their surroundings, a proud smile on his face.

Jack shrugged. "And for me, I woke up a day after I died." He added, ignoring the glare Bunnymund sent him for interrupting his explanation _and_ using the word 'died'.

It was still a touchy word with some spirits, let alone a newborn one.

And indeed, that word stung him even as he said them. Diedâ€¦ the word was _weird_. He hadn't felt like he'd _died_, he just felt like he had taken a nap. A nap underwater, in subzero temperatures, under the ice with no oxygen.

Oh yes, _just_ a nap alright. Alsoâ€ˆ'

How had Hiccupâ€¦ _died_?

He remembered the village of Berk; tough and strong. They had _dragons_, and the raw manpower the Norse Vikings possessed. From what his father told him and Janet, _Hiccup_ (also known as the Dragon Conqueror), was the one who had first tamed a dragon, forming an alliance between the two _extremely_ different races.

He had even lost a part of his leg; Jack remembered _observing_ the teen from afar after their encounter, seeing how Hiccup could still stand proudly despite the prosthetic disadvantage.

As Jack pondered, Hiccup slowly absorbed the information, avoiding eye-contact with Jack and staring blankly at the floor. He bit his lip, unsure of whether to ask the dreaded question.

"Please tell meâ€¦ How long was _I_ asleep?" This question was directed at Jack, mainly. They had come from the same time period, and thus, Jack was the only form of familiarity and the most reliable source of information to Hiccup.

The snow spirit approached the redhead, causing the latter back away slightly out of sheer instinct thanks to their previous encounter. Jack snorted and placed his hands on the shorter one's shoulders, steering him to a nearby rock while pressing down on his shoulders and motioning for him to sit down.

Hiccup felt a sense of foreboding for what was about to come.

"Don't freak outâ€¦ but well, it's beenâ€¦ three hundred years. Three hundred years since _I_ woke." He said gently and eying Hiccup uncertainly, unsure of how the redhead would react to the information.

Those words hit the rider like a bucket of cold water to his face (he knew this feeling very well; it was Astrid's way of getting his attention, after he got her to stop the punches).

"Threeâ€¦ THREE _HUNDRED_ YEARS?!" Hiccup yelled, and paled, gripping the cloth of his pants tightly in his fists. He inhaled deeply, not daring to believe what he had just heard.

Jack nodded. But he wasn't smirking this time; those blue eyes were filled with something Hiccup couldn't comprehend. They looked empty.

"Yeah. But on the bright sideâ€¦ you've got immortality!"

He shuddered, gripping the front of Jack's hoodie, eyes wide and brimming with tears. He was _angry_.

How dare he?!

"I-_Immortality_?! Do you think that I would rather be immortal than have my family?! My best friend, my father and my friendsâ€¦ I _love_ themâ€¦ andâ€¦ and nowâ€¦ they're _gone_." He choked, sniffling softly and let go of Jack's front, wiping his eyes with his . He couldn't stop the tears. He was scared, lonely, confused. All the flying with Bai had been great, but it just wasn't the _same_.

It wasn't the same without Toothless, without his Dad, Astrid, Snotlout, Tuffnut, Ruffnut, Fishlegs, Gobberâ€¦

He was alone. Alone in a new world, three hundred years later, unaware of what had happened to his best friend, his father, his friends, his village and everything in it. Were the Vikings still at war with the Romans? Was the village still intact? He didn't have the chance to check, with the wind whisking him away like that.

Then he felt cold fingers curl around his.

"Heyâ€¦ look at me." Jack said, leaning close. He sounded so sad, so hopeless. Hiccup decided to comply, staring into those blue eyes.

There was a moment of silence, Jack staring intently into Hiccup's tearful eyes, and Bunnymund watching them nervously along the sidelines, feeling kind of left out (first with North and the Man in the Moon, now with Jack and Hiccup).

And thenâ€¦ _whammo!_

From Jack's palm, a ball of snow smacked into Hiccup's face, covering his front with the cold and wet substance. He blinked in surprise, shuddering as he felt some of it slip into his tunic.

Jack stepped back, a small _sincere _smile on his lips, as if waiting for something.

Then, Hiccup felt it. A small bubble of happiness erupted inside him, prompting a smile, despite his tears. Jack winked, and then snow _gathered _in his palm, forming another snowball. He flung it towards Bunnymund, causing the rabbit to fall backwards onto the floor.

Again. Cue the string of unintelligible curses from the Guardian's mouth, something that he swore he would never repeat in the presence of children.

"You're not alone." The snow-haired teen said.

Those wordsâ€¦ Hiccup clung onto them like a lifetime. Jack was mischievous, rude and everything opposite of him. They had nothing in common, that was what Hiccup thought.

Nothingâ€¦

But he was all that Hiccup had left in place of his sense of belonging.

This new world, where he knew nobody, was something he couldn't face alone. He would have to forge new bonds, trust strangers he had never met before.

He was scared.

And yetâ€¦ he wasn't alone.

Jack's words rang true.

"I'mâ€¦ not alone." Hiccup repeated, closing his eyes. Jack nodded, along with Bunnymund.

"It'll be alright, mate. I know it's hard at firstâ€¦ but you're not alone. If you were chosen, it means that you're special, and that's somethin' ta be reckoned with alright."

Hiccup laughed softly, not at the words, but at the funny accent the bunny had. He was thankful for them, though.

"Okay. Okay." The rider steadied his nerves, willing himself to be brave. He had to be, he was a Viking! They faced difficult and new problems all the time.

It was just another occupational hazard.

And he would overcome it, just like they always did.

* * *

><p>The flute's melody echoed throughout the night sky, amongst the stars and around the moon did its music flow, attracting her creatures.

Ruins of what used to be a great castle remained. The structure burned, in danger of falling apart. Injured and bloodied bodies littered the grounds, and the throne was empty, the rulers missing along with the morale to fight.

She stepped towards the garden's gazebo, surrounded by cherry blossom trees, in full bloom. Lifting her skirt, she smiled wryly as she sat in the Jade Emperor's seat, placing her wooden flute down onto the oak table.

"Heartlessâ€¦ Have you completed your task?" She sang, closing her eyes in relaxation.

Out of the darkness, a creature appeared.

It growled, bearing razor-sharp teeth, its hollowed eyeholes aimed at the goddess. She merely smiled, unafraid of the horrifying monster before her. The head was flat, with a wide jaw and no eyes, empty shells in their wake. It had two horns protruding from either side of its head, and its ear-fins were spiked, tattered with burns from the hottest of dragon fires.

The body was long and flat, its wings wide and ratty at the edges, the claws long and curved, as hard as steel and made for tearing flesh apart. Long, jagged curves decorated its tail, the tail-fins worn.

Her most beautiful shadow monster, she murmured, lips curved into a sly smile.

She held her hand out, as if to touch it. Snarling, it backed away, fangs bared and hissing loudly, warning her not to approach him. The goddess sighed, retracting her hand in defeat.

Pity about what had happened to this _magnificent_ dragon. Lost its master, left alone, left for deadâ€¦ and she had helped it.

It didn't seem to be very thankful. She frowned slightly, wondering why this particular creature refused to give in completely to the dark. It had allowed the shadows to merge with its body, but not its mind.

Its will was still completely intact, unlike the rest of her minions.

"Alright, Heartless. You may leave. Good work." She praised, smiling amiably.

It needed no other motion. The beast left, spreading its wings and flying off into the distance, its onyx-blue scales lit by the dazzling moonlight.

Lit up so beautifully by _her_ moonlight.

And _his_.

But no matter, it would all be hers soon. She didn't have to wait much longer till the Moon would be hers to control for her own. Then she would have _power_, she would have _purpose_.

"What will you do, _Willy_?" She whispered to the sky, and picked up her flute, playing the fifth requiem of Sheng Tzu, enjoying the way the creatures wailed and screeched, desperate for that gentle and heartwarming melody.

Tschang'e was her name.

The Lady of the Moon was her title.

â€¦ And revenge was her game.

* * *

><p>Bunnymund led Jack and Hiccup into a stray tunnel that had the

scent of honeydew and mint, reminding Hiccup of the cove he and Toothless shared back on Berk.<p>

He really had to cease reminiscing; all it did was make him even _more_ homesick.

It was located in a large flower-garden, with a little stream of water flowing through the grass and daises. He could hear birds chirping, and he saw little woodland creatures scurrying around the trees, the grass and around the flower patches. It was beautiful, nature at its best.

Although they were _underground_, the sun managed to find its way into the Warren, giving the place a very sunny feel. Magic? Hiccup could only guess.

This truly was the birthplace of Spring, as Bunnymund had proudly claimed.

And he would be living here for the time beingâ€¦ something he greatly appreciated. At least he wouldn't be alone, and he would have the company of Bunnymund, somebody rather decent to be around.

The accent was a bonus; Hiccup found it rather cute, and it made him laugh.

"Alright, here's home!" Bunnymund patted Hiccup on the back, gesturing to the hammock with huge, soft pillows placed in it neatly. It was hung between two _huge_ oak trees, the thick ropes tied firmly around the trunks. "I had the stone-eggs hang it up for ya. Figured ya don't sleep on the grass like we do."

Hiccup blinkedâ€¦ then he blinked again. What was this strange looking contraption?

Sensing what the young spirit was thinking, Jack laughed. He tugged on Hiccup's arm, pulling him towards the hammock.

"C'mon, I'll show you."

Hiccup merely shook his head profusely, staring at Jack with his big doe-eyes, frozen. Jack was _touching_ him. Oh Odin, where was Snotlout or Stoic when he needed them?!

Bunnymund snorted. "Good luck with that, mate. Looks like your reputation's gotten' a lil' _frosty_ with this one!" He chuckled, pleased with his own joke, ignoring the unamused stare Jack sent his way, much like the one he gave him during their competition to assist Tooth with her collecting.

Rolling his eyes at Hiccup's insistence _not_ to move, the snow spirit scooped the redhead into his arms, leaping up with the wind and landing in the hammock. It was huge, and could easily fit them _and_ _North_.

Man, he was tempted to stay here with Hiccup and just take a napâ€¦

Just a nap. He wasn't THAT low!

And Hiccup wouldn't stop struggling anyway! â€| Not that it would be different either way.

"CALM DOWN. _Jeez_, Hiccupâ^' I'm not gonna _eat_ you or anything!" The blue-eyed boy sighed, pushing Hiccup down into the fluffy and soft pillows. It was great. Bunnymund sure knew how to make a man feel good.

â€| He ignored how wrong that train of thought sounded.

"Hmmmâ€| This feels very comfortable." Hiccup said, his Norse-accented-English more prominent than ever. Jack smirked slightly. Was it just him; or was it kind ofâ€| sexy?

'_Okay _BAD_ thoughts, Frost. You did not get on the naughty list for this kinda shit._' Jack berated himself, opting to stare at Hiccup's peaceful expression instead.

It was seconds. Then it turned into minutes. And slowly, the Norwegian drifted off into a deep sleep, soft breaths of air escaping and entering those pinkish lips.

Jack sighed wistfully, leaning on his arm as he lay on his side, staring at Hiccup's sleeping face. It was merely called _observing_. Nothing wrong with that.

"_Ahem_." He spoke too soon, Jack thought, as he turned to raise an eyebrow at Bunnymund's displeased expression. The Guardian of Hope jabbed a finger in Jack's direction, then jabbed it towards the tunnel, demanding that Jack escort himself out before he got _really_ pissed.

And waking Hiccup up with a boomerang-snowball fight wasn't the best way to make an impression.

Well, _re_create an impression.

Jack thought Hiccup was special. He couldn't explain it. Just like he couldn't explain to his mother why he had flirted with the rider in front of Janet, no matter how cute Hiccup might have been.

It wasn't just the looks, Jack knew this. The snow spirit was obsessed with his _smile_. That gorgeous smile, that lit up the room and his cold, snow-filled heart.

Well technically it was a _fun_, cold, snow-filled heart, but you get the point.

Hiccup was attractive, and Jack wanted to stay in his good graces. So he would have to do this _carefully_, and not screw it up like he did the last time.

Lady Luck was giving him a second chance! He just _knew_ it.

"Alright, I'll leave. _For now_." Jack saluted Bunnymund, ignoring the protest that was sure to come. He took his staff in his hand and lifted off the hammock, giving Hiccup one last glance.

The Guardian of Hope rolled his eyes. "Just go already, you blimey

weasel!" He grunted.

Jack laughed and blew a kiss.

"I'll be back soon, though. Remember to bring gifts to the party!" Jack yelled in a sing-song voice, leaping up with the wind and allowing her to carry him away from the place, ignoring Bunnymund's grumbles.

Oh _yes_. Very soon.

5. That One Dream

****8east: **OH MY GOD, 55 REVIEWS! Thank you SOOO much for reading and reviewing and following and adding this story to your favourites!**

You Hijackers are AMAZING! And I'm sorry this took longer than usual... it gets tougher when I go more into the plot... and I hope you guys don't mind OCs too much. But keep in mind that these are only side characters, and they won't make much of a difference to the main characters.

I just hate it when OCs take over a story, don't you? Unless they're legit, of course.

And I added more yaoi into this chapter as a treat for you lovely ladies and gents! Enjoy, hehehe!

* * *

><p>Flushed for Winter
****_Chapter FIVE. Finally, eh?_**

* * *

><p>Bright.<p>

It was really bright.

Hiccup winced as he covered his eyes, squeezing them shut as the sun's rays attacked their sensitive irises. Why was it so _bright_? Where did the roof go? Did Toothless break through it _again_â^'

Oh.

Then he remembered.

Sitting up on the soft pile of pillows, he stretched his upper body, reaching for the sky as hard as he could, easing out a few kinks in his shoulders.

He looked around the area. Where had the bunny-man gone?

Not to mention, Jack.

The rider shuddered just thinking of that name. The other had been nice to him alright, for their second meeting, and he sincerely hoped that after _three hundred years_, Jack had matured and was willing to

put that awkward first meeting behind them.

After all, it was one thing to be hit on by a guy.

But it was another to have that person do that in front of _Snotlout_. Considering how much closer Hiccup and Snotlout had gotten after the incident with the Green Death, he had been rather proud of himself for gaining recognition from his cousin; the epitome of the 'perfect Viking son'.

And then that whole fiasco with Jack just _had_ to happen. His manly pride took a huge bruise from it. Snotlout had jokingly repeated the story to his father, who then laughed about it in his face like it was some huge, funny joke.

Well, it _probably_ was.

But he was still sensitive about it! None of the other male Vikings got confused for a girl (Odin forbid anyone would). Astrid had laughed it off and told him to embrace his 'gift', while Ruffnut had shrieked with laughter, asking him if he was going to start wearing skirts and offering to braid his hair.

He had flushed an angry red, rendered incapable of speech.

"Okay, _stop_, Hiccup. Focus!" He patted his cheeks roughly, shoving unwanted thoughts and memories out of his head.

First offâ€¦ he had to find that Bunny.

Hiccup leaped off the giant hammock, landing on a patch of green grass. It was as green and crisp as he remembered, the scent of morning dew protruding his nostrils. He breathed in deeply, enjoying nature and her beauty.

But _of course_, moments after his feet touched the ground, he felt it rumble beneath him.

He was stunned for a moment.

Then he leaped off that particular spot just in the nick of time, watching as the ground sunk into a perfect circle just like the last time.

This was getting _old_, and rather bothersome. Why couldn't Bunnymund use doors, like normal people (no pun intended)?

"Oh, you're awake! Mornin'. Did ya sleep well?" Bunnymund asked, scratching a long, furry ear. He was carrying something in his other paw.

It looked like a book, with a brown leather-bound cover and some text imprinted into it.

"Good morning. I slept very well, thanks." Hiccup said, returning the greeting with a shy smile. He fidgeted under Bunnymund's strong gaze, not sure of what to say.

"â€¦ So, you up for a lil' tour?"

The rider looked up, his expression curious. "Of this place? I'd _love_ to!" He chirped happily, eyes shining. To learn more about foreign architecture would definitely make his day; he loved learning new things. Everything from dragons to literature and art intrigued his unlimited imagination.

He remembered sitting in the cove, re-writing the book of dragons and adding in his own drawings and notes on dragon characteristics.

Those had been a few of the best days of his life.

Bunnymund gave a nod in return. He was happy to see someone so interested in his warren; it had been a long time since he'd gotten the chance to show off to someone new.

The two walked side-by-side along the tunnels, Bunnymund giving facts and answering any of Hiccup's questions along the way. They talked about everything from the procedure of Easter egg making to the quirks of the other Guardians. The Easter guardian was only too happy to 'inform' Hiccup of Jack's character.

"Don't get too close ta that one, I'm tellin' ya. He comes through when ya need him, but he's _still_ a pain in the arse."

The Viking merely laughed, turning the other way. It seemed to be an accurate description of what he knew of Jack _Frost_, so far.

And finally, they reached the meadow, where all the tunnels connected.

Hiccup's bright-green eyes widened.

It was one of the most _beautiful_ things he had ever seen. The grass was a pure emerald-green, cherry blossom trees dotting the edges of the oasis, adding a touch of colour to it. Exotic-looking flowers hung from twirled branches. Moss-covered rocks (with faces on them!) were piled near the entrances to the tunnels. Hiccup swore he saw one _move_.

"Pity it's not Easter, eh? Millions of colourful lil' eggs walking aroundâ€¦" Bunnymund sighed contentedly as he sat down on a nearby turf of grass, Hiccup following his example.

It was then that Hiccup saw the book Bunnymund had been carrying around in a clearer light.

"â€¦ The _Book of Beasts_?" Hiccup read the title out loud. Bunnymund turned and nodded, picking up the book and handing it to him. "Yeah. I got this from Owler. He's the owl spirit, ya see. The _spirit of knowledge_, mateâ€¦ now _there's_ somethin' to be reckoned with."

Hiccup brushed his palm against the cover, admiring the fine condition it was in. The pages were yellowed, and _old_, from what he could tell. But it was no doubt in good condition. He flipped it open, studying the content page.

The list of known beasts in the spiritual world:****

**Grey-skinned Trolls**

**Lighting Bug**

**Dark Horntail**

**Water Serpent**

**Jugglator**

**Shadow Mimes**

**Dragons**

**Fox Spirits**

â€|

Wait, _what_?

"_DRAGONS_!" Hiccup leapt from his spot, clutching the book in his calloused hands and staring intently at the word, causing Bunnymund to slip slightly off his seat in alarm.

"What's wrong?" He demanded, a little ruffled at being startled like that.

Hiccup flipped to the page the content had specified, eyes widening as he saw the first thing that it showed.

Long snake-like neck and tail, beady eyes and claws attached to the tip of its wings, with a pair of long, ribbed horns protruding from its forehead. Sharp, strong and thin fangs made for tearing flesh and big eyes and elongated nostrils; it relies on sight and smell.

A _Monstrous Nightmare_â€| Hiccup felt relieved; something that had some form of familiarity! And it was a _dragon_! He had to find out what had happened to them.

All the other dragons, including his village andâ€| Toothless.

He knew humans usually had a lifespan of eighty, though for dragon-hunting Vikings, it had been fifty. The oldest person in their village had been Gothi, aged a hundred and three. But _dragons_, on the other handâ€|

They could have survived the changes in landscape and possibly _lived through_ the three-hundred year gap.

"â€| Oy, Hiccup! What's the matter with ya?" Bunnymund poked the Viking's side, jolting the redhead out of his thoughts. Clearing his throat, Hiccup turned to Bunnymund, a completely serious expression on his face.

"Please, tell me more about this... owly spirit!"

* * *

><p>Where was he?

_Jack sat up, squinting into his misty surroundings. He couldn't see anything clearly, couldn't hear anything or think of anything. Just his bare feet, on ground that was cold and soft, that he couldn't see. _

_He stood up, trying to get an idea of where he might be. How had he ended up here? The last thing he remembered was heading back to his little park and falling asleep on the strong branch of a pine tree.

_

â€| _Ah, so this was a dream! _

He laughed, pinching himself in the arm, willing himself to wake up.

_He felt the twinge of pain. But oddly enoughâ€| he didn't wake up, still trapped in this mist. _

_He blinkedâ€| that _usually_ worked, when he was trying to get out of the nightmares of Bunnymund dying his hair pink or Toothiana pulling out his teeth in a fit of rage (he'd seen her punch Pitch's tooth out!). _

_So this wasn't a dream? â€| If so, what was it? _

_Then, out of the mist, he could see someone approaching.

_

"_Helloâ€|? Who's there?" Jack called out, cautiously stepping towards the figure. _

_As it approached closer and closer, Jack gripped his staff, preparing for a potential attack. _

It turned out to be someone rather unexpected.

"_Hiccup?! What're you doing here?" Jack asked curiously, lowering his staff, a puzzled look crossing his handsome features. _

_In front of him stood the image of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the III, dressed in an elegant green silk robe, with golden thread embroidered into long, elegant eastern dragons along the hem and sleeves. His shoulder-length red hair was tied into a low ponytail, leaving only the messy fringe to frame those bright yellow-green eyes. _

"â€| _Oh, I see now." Hiccup said, his eyes widening as he _recognized _Jack, a little smile crossing his features. Jack raised his eyebrows. Did Hiccup just smileâ€| at _him?_

_Laughing as he recognized Jack's skeptical look, Hiccup moved closer to the other, causing the snow spirit to edge back slightly.

_

_There was somethingâ€| different about this Hiccup. He wasn't the shy, flustered Hiccup from Berk, nor the scared, lonely and cautious one he had met with Bunnymund back in the warren. _

_This person was more _confident_, and radiated an air of authority

and power. _

"_It's okay, Jack. Don't be afraid." Hiccup cooed, smiling. He reached out, gently taking Jack's hands in his. The latter blinked, savoring the way Hiccup's hands felt. _

_They were warmâ€¦ very pleasantly so. _

"_Soâ€¦ what brought this on?" Jack asked after a moment, with a cheeky smirk on his face. He slapped himself inwardly. Was he _trying_ to scare Hiccup off? _

_Hiccup smiled. _

"_You'll find outâ€¦ eventually. But for now, just accept _this_."
_

_Then the redhead placed his hands tenderly on either side of Jack's face, warming his cold cheeks and pulled the taller boy's head down for his lips to meet Hiccup's. Jack's eyes widened, gripping Hiccup's forearms in alarm. _Hiccup_ was kissing him. Hiccup was kissing _him_. Hiccup was _kissing_ him. _

HICCUP WAS KISSING HIM. And then Jack dropped his staff.

"_Mmmphâ^'?" Jack squeaked against Hiccup's soft, petal-pink lips, confused. The Berkian sighed, pulling away slightly. "Don't think, Jack. Just _feel_. " _

_And he kissed him again. _

_Jack squeezed his eyes shut, tense. This was his first kiss, and it was with _Hiccup_. Why had he decided pop in and kiss him in his _dreams_ of all placesâ^'_

_Oh, right! This was a dreamâ€¦ Well then, he'd have to thank Sandy for this sometime later. _

He was going to enjoy this for now.

_Jack slid his hands down Hiccup's chest, feeling the steady heartbeat of the rider's as he made his descent. The snow spirit positioned his palms on the redhead's thin waist and drew him closer to his cold body, breath hitching as Hiccup took the chance to slip his tongue in-between the snow spirit's slightly chapped lips.
_

"_Mnnâ€¦" Jack tilted his head sideways to allow Hiccup better access, his arms wrapping around the other's waist, taking in Hiccup's body warmth._

_This felt good. No, more than thatâ^' it feltâ€¦ _amazing_.
_

_Their tongues rubbed and twisted around each other's, Jack eagerly sucking on Hiccup's, making the shorter teen moan keenly. The redhead's hands slid down from blushing cheeks to Jack's shoulders, their little battle continuing for minutes, only stopping to breathe.
_

Not a single second was wasted.

_But then the most _awful_ thing happened; Hiccup pulled away, stepping back. A string of saliva connected their bruised lips, Jack panting hard, gazing into Hiccup's eyes and admiring how much redder Hiccup's face had gotten. _

_That was _his_ doing. Jack felt a sense of pride, then kicked himself for it. 'Easy, tiger.' He chided himself, gritting his teeth. It wouldn't do him much good to be too attached to a dream._

_The snow-spirit was flushed, out of breath, shocked, confused andâ€| heavily turned on. He bent down and reached for his staff by his feet, leaning against it heavily, his knees weak. _

And Hiccup seemed completely unaffected, except for the slight panting and reddened lips and cheeks.

_Giving him a sincere smile, Hiccup ruffled the taller man's white hair. Jack wrinkled his nose in annoyance; he disliked it when people messed with his _sexy_ strands. _

"_I have to go now. But remember this!" Hiccup leaned down and kissed Jack gently on the cheek, then stepped back, turning his back to the snow spirit. _

_Jack could only stare as Hiccup walked away, into the mist. _

Then he woke up, jolting upright and slipping off the sturdy branch he had fallen asleep in, landing in a deep pile of snow.

"_Fuck it_."

* * *

><p>Hiccup shivered, and then sneezed, his body jerking along with the convulsion.<p>

"_Bless ya_! We're almost there, hang on!"

The Berkian squeezed his eyes shut as the slide took a deeper and sharper turn, filling his tummy with butterflies.

This was how Bunnymund travelled? He'd much rather fly through the skies on a dragon, _thank you very much_.

After what seemed like _hours_ more of steep drops, lip-biting and nerve-wracking swerves (it had only been a few minutes though), Bunnymund gripped Hiccup's arm and yanked him up as he leapt upwards through a hole above them.

Bunnymund released his arm and Hiccup tumbled onto the floor and coughed, scrambling off the ground to his feet as squinting at their bright surroundings. Were they in an open field? The light was _blinding_! What was it with him and getting blinded by sudden bursts of bright light?

But _finally_, his eyes adjustedâ^' colours and shapes coming into focus.

He gasped.

It was _gigantic_; the room was the height of _seven_â^' no, EIGHT Monstrous Nightmares, the shelves of books lined up according to colour, shape and size. Golden ladders lined the bookshelves, of an oriental-ivy design, attached firmly to their sockets.

Statues of mysterious creatures Hiccup had never seen before lined the corners, along with a _huge_ blue marble with green patches on it smack in the very center of it all. The floor was white marble, polished to perfection. Hiccup could see his reflection in them, layered red hair, freckles and all.

The ground was rather cold, pinching at his toes. He really _had_ _to_ get some shoes. And maybe a vest or coat to keep him warm. This shirt was a little too thin and tattered for his tastes.

"Well, this is it. The Library of Knowledge. I'm sure Owler's around here _somewhere_â€|"

"That's _Owllion_, you stupid creature."

Hiccup jumped, backing away as he saw the spirit that had materialized before him. A tall, muscular man donned in a form-fitting maroon robe, golden arm-guardsâ€|

With an _owl's head_ and brown feathered _wings_.

"Can't take a joke, can ya." Bunnymund muttered, deadpan. The spirit of knowledge merely gave him a blank stare.

"â€| Oh, _forget it_!" The rabbit patted Hiccup on the back. "This is Hiccup. He'sâ^'"

"A new born spirit, yes?"

"Uh, _right_â€| And he's here toâ^'"

"Learn about the dragons and what happened to them."

Hiccup blinked. "How do you know all that?" He asked, eyebrows raised. Owllion crossed his arms, blinking, his wings stretching slightly and rearranging themselves, much like how Toothless did with his when he was about to sleep.

"They do not call me the spirit of _knowledge_ without reason, young one."

Bunnymund chuckled at the question while Hiccup squeaked in embarrassment, retreating behind the rabbit's taller form. Owllion tilted his feathery head, beckoning the rider towards him.

"I have the perfect book in mind. If you'd please follow me, and _swiftly_ if you don't mind. I'm rather busy and I'd like to make this quick."

Hiccup swallowed and nervously stepped towards the spirit, while Bunnymund gasped, offended.

"Hey, how come ya give _me_ so much trouble when I try ta get a book?!"

Owllion scoffed. "June 18th, Year 1890, _Knitting Patterns for Beginners_— need I continue?"

"— No." Bunnymund said, looking away while Hiccup laughed softly, realizing what the owl spirit just implied. Bunnymund remembered perfectly well what happened to that particular book (not that he'd try to recount it); it took him _ages_ for Owllion to allow him back into the library, let alone _borrow_ a book.

"Good. Then you shall wait here. I will bring the boy back as soon as possible. Come along then, young one."

The owl spirit began walking at brisk pace towards a gold-rimmed elevator, with a brass handle and steel-strings tied to the top. He opened the little gate in the front, stepping into the space and motioning for the Berkian to do the same.

Hiccup gave Bunnymund a sympathetic smile, and followed after his guide, wondering what they were doing.

Of course, he had no idea what this 'elevator contraption' did.

"_Odin_!" He yelped, as the ground beneath them jolted, shooting upwards at a marvelous speed. He watched Bunnymund's figure shrink slowly, and realized with horror that they were going to hit the ceiling—!

"_Wing Eight Hundred and Four_." Owllion muttered. The elevator then jolted _sideways_ to the right, and shot up again through a hole that had magically appeared in the ceiling.

Hiccup groaned. Logic just didn't apply any more.

* * *

><p>NOTE: If you want to** give suggestions, ask questions, make requests **or** yell at me to stop procrastinating - _THIS IS REALLY IMPORTANT -_ **do follow my Twitter!

I'd be happy to follow _all Hijackers_, so we could fangirl and spazz shit about yaoi that much easier. I'm lususlashout, so give me a tweet, Hijackers!

Let's fill the hash-tags with HIJACK and SPREAD THE LOVE!

6. I Have Nothing To Wear

**8east: **Sorry if I kept you waiting but HOLD THE FUCK UP; 23 REVIEWS for the last chapter? I am flabbergasted, you ladies (and possibly gents) are AMAZING. Thank you so much for the lovely advice, compliments and support! You all make me so gay.

No pun intended.

Anyway, someone actually noticed the Homestuck_ innuendo_ I made in

the Book of Beasts! Haha cheers to you, darkenedLuminescence! Now in this chapter, there are two Phoenix Wright references and one Homestuck reference! If you know of them, let me know! I could make this a thing, hehe.

And be patient: this chapter is the filler for the MARVELLOUS and HIJACK FILLED chapter that's coming up next! Cheers! Love you guys!

* * *

><p>Flushed for Winter
*_Chapter Six, I LOVE YOU ALL!
Thank you so much!
>

* * *

><p>Around him were shelves- worn and tattered with age. They were old and not as elaborate as those in the main hall earlier, but kept in perfect condition. A small fire burned brightly in a dusty old fireplace to the right, a metal poker stuck in the wood and ashes.

Owllion beckoned him to a bookstand located at the end of the room, placed precariously on a windowsill. He didn't bother asking why there would be moonlight streaming in from a supposedly underground library. Just, to the Hel with logic.

The bookstand was beautifully made, the center plated with bronze and a little candle next to it, emitting a small but strong glow. A thick piece of rectangular glass was attached to the front, probably to magnify texts, Hiccup deduced.

He stepped up to it, waiting skittishly as the owl spirit drifted to a row of bookshelves to their left, and began to shuffle his feet nervously as Owllion went through book after book.

"Hmâ€¦ I could have sworn it was around hereâ€¦ there we go." He let out a pleased hoot as he grabbed a dusty red book, several characters engraved onto its leather covering.

Hiccup recognised those charactersâ€¦ Norse!

"Thisâ€¦ will help you with your supposed journey, I believe." The spirit of knowledge placed the book onto the stand, flicking it open with practiced ease to a certain page. The words were scribbled messily and rather small. Owllion adjusted the glass to hang above the page, enlarging the text.

He then stepped back, allowing Hiccup to read it as he disappeared back into the rows of shelves, probably going through the listing order.

The redhead bit his lip and began to read.

THE HISTORY OF DRAGON BEASTS

Dragons (scientific name: Draconis) were a type of beast that populated the Earth hundreds of years ago in significantly large numbers. They were a well-respected class of beasts, known for their

loyalty, strength and specified adaptations. But up since a few hundred years ago, they have been decreasing in large numbers and relocating to extremely warm or cold locations. This may have been triggered by the shift of continents and seasons. _

_This extreme change has caused a large number of dragons to die out due to the inability to adapt fast enough, and dragon eggs laid in once safe environments were poached regularly and sold to traders, the fetus inside killed and the hard-shells used for jewel or armor plating. _

_Dragon-hunting became a popular sport in the early 1700s, amongst other beast types. The clan of Noda (transforming tiger beasts) regarded dragons as a symbol of power, and those who managed to kill a dragon would be revered as a strong warrior. It sparked off a century of dragon-hunting amongst clans, especially magically-dominant ones^' and the dragon population declined even further, decreasing by the thousands. _

_As of now, January 1816, dragons are no longer seen flying freely in the skies or roaming the vast lands of grass, due to industrialization and the significant increase of humans. Rumor has it that remaining dragons can be found at continents with extreme climates (be it humid, dry or cold), hidden in deep caves, away from humanity. _

_Humans nowadays believe dragons to be myths, considering the hundreds of years it has been since a dragon has willingly decided to show itself to a human. No proof of their existence has fallen into human hands so far. The main dragon colonies have been examined and found to be abandoned while the rest of the dragons' locations are unknown. _

Hiccup clenched his fists.

Poaching _dragon eggs? _Dragon-hunting? It sounded absolutely _disgusting_. He bit his lip, ashamed of what those savages had done to an innocent species.

Ashamed at _himself_ for not being there to stop it. But it wouldn't do him any good to mull over it now, he supposed. He could do nothing to change the past.

Now, _before_ he befriended Toothless and changed Berk's outlook on the dragons, Hiccup remembered countless of battles between his village and the winged-beasts. But that had not been for sport or for^| _financial benefit_. It had been for survival, protection.

It was to kill or be killed. They had no choice.

To think that people began to _hunt_ them^| for fun?! What happened? Didn't the people of Berk protect the dragons? Generation after generation of Vikings should have ensured the survival or the dragons, their _friends_.

Unless^| No, _no_! It couldn't be^|!

Hiccup gasped and slammed the book shut, whipping around just as Owllion reappeared with a dignified hoot^| an odd looking tear-drop shaped pendant in his hand, along with a scroll. He eyed the Berkian

knowingly, and ruffled his wings, rearranging the slightly messy feathers.

"Take _this_." Owllion gently took Hiccup's smaller hand in his larger one, pressing the scroll gently into his palm and curling the Berkian's fingers around it. Hiccup blinked, feeling the parchment tingle against his skin, along with Owllion's sharp claws.

He didn't dare moveâ€” those look like they would tear through his skin like a nail and a sponge.

"Open it _only_ when it tells you to. And don't ask how; you will know when it comes to that." The owl spirit's voice was firm, laced with steel and warning. It was much like when Stoick warned Hiccup about dragons when he was younger.

Funny how that turned out, the redhead mused.

And then the taller slung the pendant around Hiccup's neck. "And this is called a _magatama_. It is a sacred artifact from the _Fey_ clan, famous for mediating spirits. Once again, _don't ask_ why I'm giving it to you."

The dragon rider nodded, curious and _dying_ for more answers on what had happened to the dragons, to his people.

He grasped the pendant, feeling it warm in his hands. It was a nice feeling, and it made him feelâ€” _nostalgic_, for some reason. It was odd enough, but it made him feel warmer and _safer_. Like being in his Dad's protective hold or Toothless guarding his back.

And the scrollâ€” what could it possibly be? A map? Instructions? More information on the dragons and his people? How was he supposed to _know_ when to open it?

Hiccup wanted to stay and find out more about what he had missed, find out more about the worldâ€”

This place could be the very _core_ of knowledge, for all he knew!

But the look in Owllion's eyes was clear.

He knew more than enough. _Too much_ knowledge could be dangerous. The rest, he'd have to find out on his own.

"â€” Thanks. For all of this." Hiccup said, offering a slight smile.

Owllion silently nodded back, gesturing to the elevator.

They made their way out in silence.

* * *

><p>Jack sighed as he rolled over, nearly falling off the leather couch. North looked up, a quill in his hand as he went through the list one more time.<p>

Tomorrow night, he would be delivering presents. And there was _a

lot_ of presents to be given out this year- many children had been good, as opposed to last year.

Well, Jack made the Naughty list _again_, in case you were wondering. The champion record holder of three-hundred and so years, undefeated!

"If you are bored, then I suggest you head off first. I will be too busy to entertain guests, but you are welcome to stay until the Christmas dinner!" North commented, raising his eyebrows at Jack's slumped posture.

The latter shrugged.

"I'm not boredâ€| just thinking aboutâ€| something." The snow-haired boy replied, wrinkling his nose in disdain. Thinking too much always hurt his brains.

The guardian of wonder tilted his head, scribbling down a few more names â€" _Jade Harley, John Egbert and Rose Lalonde _â€" then dipped the quill into the ink bottle, stirring it a few rounds. It was very good Babahlese ink; one dip in the ink bottle and it could keep the quill going for hours!

That just showed how _long_ North's list was, with the numerous times he had already refilled it. The guardian considered installing a 'printer', something Toothiana had suggested. But then again, he had no idea how to get one.

And stealing from the humans seemed like a very bad idea. He was a _role model_.

"I think I need a _little_ favour. Something like a Christmas giftâ€| you know, from you to me." Jack said, and grinned cheekily.

The red-clad guardian sighed, rubbing his temple. "Jack, we have been through this, if you do not make the _Nice_ list, you get no proper present. And where is that scarf I gave you? I thought it made a pretty goodâ€| _consolation prize_."

"Uh, I've been saving it. But c'mon, this has something to do with your party!"

North looked up and placed his quill down quickly, looking more enthusiastic, his eyes sparkling. He clasped his hands, getting up from his seat.

"Well it's about time I took a break anyway! So tell me, what is the problem?" North beamed, taking a swig ofâ€| whatever it was in his mug. Jack rolled his eyes, figuring it was some form of Russian alcohol (vodka). "This is the first time you have agreed to come to one of my parties, no? Good to see you getting in with the guysâ€| and uh, girls."

Jack sat upright, looking eager, but slightly uncertain.

"Okay, so this is going to be some kinda _fancy-schmancy_ dinner, right?" The snow spirit grinned a little at the thought of seeing Bunnymund using a knife and fork, struggling to cut a carrot.

Did he even have opposable thumbs? North blinked. "It will be a formal dinner, if that is what you mean."

The other nodded, a little frown on his brow, and gestured to his hoodie and pants.

North merely stared, confused. He scratched his head, messing up the neatly combed white-hairs.

Jack sighed.

"I have nothing to wear." He said finally, tugging at the hem of his hoodie. "And the last time I checked, you can't show up to a fancy dinner wearing this."

Suddenly, North barked with laughter, nearly dropping his mug. The snow-haired boy glared, crossing his arms. "Hey, that's not funny! You know this isn't something I'd usually worry about, but I'm gonna make an ass out of myself again in front ofâ^'"

Jack stopped abruptly, gritting his teeth.

'Said too much this time you goddamned idiot', Jack mentally berated himself, hoping that North didn't catch on to what he had said.

"In front ofâ€|?"

Oh darn.

"Uhâ€| it's nothing. Nothing, really." Jack lied smoothly, casually leaning back into the seat for effect. North doubted this, raising an eyebrow at the younger spirit.

"â€| Well, I will find out anyway at the Christmas party. Does this have anything to do with Toothâ€|?"

The snow spirit blanched.

"What? NO! We're just friends! Why does everyone keep assuming we're togetherâ€|?" Jack protested quickly, a frustrated scowl on his features.

North shrugged. "I am not sure, but that does not matter right now. You cannot show up to one of my Christmas dinners looking like aâ€| hooligan! No offence to you, Jack Frost."

The snow-haired boy raised an eyebrow. Hooligan? Sexy runaway seemed more fitting, but he shrugged his shoulders, letting it go for now. "None taken."

"But, as you know, I cannot give you any presents for Christmas, Jack. Although you could EARN itâ€| you know, by helping with the gifts."

"Oh?" Jack perked up, interested. "Name it and I'll make it happen!"

'He must be very desperate. Normally the idea of working would send him flying off'_,_ North thought, chuckling to himself.

Ah, young love. What a lovely experience (he ignored the fact that Jack was more than three hundred years old).

"Well then! You must help Phill with the organizingâ€¦ arrange the presents very neatly in the sleigh for tomorrow night's delivery. It is important that you organize themâ€¦"

"Wait, wait, waitâ€¦ you want me to workâ€¦ with Phill? You know he can't stand me." Jack interrupted, trying to prevent himself from laughing out loud. He had lost countâ€¦ the number of times the Yeti had been a victim of his seemingly obvious pranks, or his attempted break-ins.

"Exactly. Which is why he will be your boss."

Woah, hold the fuck up.

"â€¦ Are you serious?" Jack asked, his eyebrows raised. North didn't seem like he was joking, either. In fact, the guardian seemed rather smug.

The latter nodded, crossing his arms. "This could be an interesting learning experience for you, Jack Frost. And maybe it willâ€¦ console Phill. Think of it as a good deed for your reward."

"Oh? But first, I wanna see my 'reward'. It's gotta be some fancy threads if I'm gonna have to work for Phill."

North laughed again, slowly getting red in the face. Ah, the youthful spirit never ceased to amuse himâ€¦ it was always pleasant having him around, despite what Bunny would say.

He stood up, heading towards a door that conjoined the workshop with his personal closet, filled with memories from his life as a human and interesting souvenirs from all over the world. Jack followed, waiting impatiently as North fiddled with the password combination.

"Hmâ€¦ a six and thenâ€¦ a nine? Or was it a threeâ€¦" After a few more minutes, it finally opened. Jack straightened, eager to see the outfit North had in mind.

All he could see was black.

They stepped into the dark closet. Then the red-clad man closed the door behind them, and pressed the switch, flicking the lights on.

Wow.

The snow spirit stood in aweâ€¦ North had everything in here. From instruments to weapons, from English tea-sets to Indian jewelryâ€¦ he had the nagging feeling that North would have been better suited to becoming a pirate instead of a guardian.

Hey, he went with the theme, after all.

"Ah, here it is!" Jack turned to North, who had been digging in aâ€¦ crusty old chest with tulips painted on the borders while he had been

admiring the goods. He blinked, moving closer and silently stared at what North held, displayed proudly on a hanger.

Double wow.

A neatly pressed Victorian-styled suit stared back at him, with a white undershirt and four silver buttons running down the opening. The black tail-coat had three large black buttons running down diagonally along each side, along with silver cufflinks. A white vest was hung between the outer tail-coat and undershirt, with three smaller white buttons holding it together.

Then a black bow-tie completed the look, tied loosely around the collar. Long and black silk trousers were held in North's other hand.

"Nice. _Very_ nice" where'd you get this, anyway?" Jack asked, tilting his head with a smug look on his face.

The guardian of wonder huffed, handing the clothes to Jack and then continued to dig in the chest. "They were a gift from a friend of mine, a tailor who _believed_. He was from the glory days of England, during Queen Victoria's rule, if I am recalling correctly."

Jack quirked an eyebrow as North continued digging in the chest. "I've already got the full suit, what else is there?" He asked.

Then North turned around again, this time a pair of black-pointed leather shoes in his grasp.

Jack looked down to his bare feet.

"_Right_."

North shoved them into Jack's already full hands (along with his _staff_), stepping back with satisfaction. "It should be a perfect fit on a young and tall man like you, Jack Frost! But do not forget your end of the deal! Phill starts his organizing in twenty minutes!"

Jack grinned, hugging his 'reward' to his chest. This was going to be _well_ _worth_ it.

Now he could entertain himself with what Phill's fur-covered face would look like when Jack showed up for work with his shit-eating grin.

Hehehe.

* * *

><p>Bunnymund shifted awkwardly as he approached the redhead.<p>

Hiccup had been sitting there for _hours_, deep in thought with a scroll clutched in his hand and the magatama around his neck, the jade emitting a faint glow.

He could understand the need to brood and think; when _he_ had awoken, all he could think of was how much he missed his siblings and

mother, and the good old days of fox-dodging and nibbling on some poor human's garden vegetables.

But Hiccup's brooding was getting his spirits down, too. The Christmas party would occur in two days! And frankly, it seemed as though Hiccup could use a good cheer.

"â€| Oh! Bunnymund, I didn't see you there!" Hiccup squeaked, jumping a little in surprise as he suddenly found the rabbit standing a few feet away from him.

"Yeah, wellâ€| ya weren't moving, mate. It was pretty creepy." The other commented, sitting down next to the rider. "What's on your mind?"

"â€| There are too many things to list." Hiccup whined, clutching his head. The bunny laughed softly, patting the redhead's back.

"Well cheer up! North's Christmas part is coming up pretty soon. You're gonna love it, pal! Fancy dinner and dance at the Ice Castle!"

"There is anâ€| Ice Castle?" Hiccup inquired softly, not sure if the rabbit heard him.

He knew what Castles were (of course he did, humph!); he had come across a few on his travels further west with Toothless. The occupants had been ratherâ€| unfriendly though, snobbish English Dukes and Lords who wanted nothing to do with a 'wild beast and its minder'.

But the architecture, it was certainly something to behold. Astrid had always called him a house-hugger.

But they were buildings made of stone and steel! Now why didn't the Vikings think of that during their gory-filled days fighting dragons? It would have certainly saved time on rebuilding damaged houses.

And now here was Bunnymund, telling him about a castle made of ice.

He just couldn't. Fine, everything would be magic from now on. 'To the Hel with explanations!' Hiccup grumbled inwardly, crossing his arms and scowling a little. Bunnymund regarded this reaction with interest.

This kid really needed to learn how to loosen up. Maybe a little distraction would be nice.

Come to think of itâ€|

"Hey, Hiccup. You've got nothing to wear, don't ya?"

The Berkian could only stare blankly in reply.

* * *

><p>Found the references? Tee hee. Suggestions box (well, the PM button anyway) is OPEN for... well, suggestions. I'm trying to make the next chapter more community-pleasing, so let me know what

you want and I'll try to squeeze it in!

****Toodles. ****

7. The Christmas Party

****Author's Note: ****HAHAHAHA HOLY SHIT I'M LATE. No wait, _don't SHOOT._

No really, I'm sorry. I suck, yeah, yeah. But oh my god, I didn't actually expect people to push me to continue this story on Tumblr, Twitter and in PMs! Thank you sooo much! If it weren't for your encouragement, I'm pretty sure I wouldn't have had the motivation to complete this chapter.

And note that I may alternate between British and American spelling... Tumblr and my homeland use different types of English, so I apologise in advance for any confusion there might be while you read this. I really can't be bothered to be a grammar nazi to my OWN piece of work if the meaning gets through.

I hope you guys enjoy this one... The long awaited Christmas ball! I like to keep the Hijack moments really fluffy and light... so any kind of smut will be in oneshots of drawings of mine when I've the time. Bloody exams.

But don't worry, I'll take responsibility for this baby and raise it till the very end! Now enjoy the reading! :)

* * *

><p>Flushed for Winter
****_Chapter Seven, THANK YOU FOR THE WAIT!_**

* * *

><p>Christmas Day!

Jack stared contentedly as he watched the sleigh depart in its fire-engine red glory, the huge sack of presents blocking North's figure from his view. Amazing how it stayed intact, really. Then again, this _was_ Santa Claus with his sleigh and reindeer and all that jazz.

Ripping off the apron he had been forced to wear (a dark green with a North's logo printed on it), he exhaled, stretching his limbs after hours of rearranging and organizing the gifts.

It was all finally OVER.

Maybe this was why Phill was such a crabâ€¦| his job was _awful_. Repeatedly stacking present after present into some gigantic, musky sack and then having to redo everything because North didn't like it. He was rather fussy for a spirit of wonder.

Jack thoughtfully scratched his chin. He should probably cut Phill some slack; now that he's seen how horribly hard and challenging his job was. The yeti didn't need the extra stress of Jack trying to fuck things up every now and thenâ^'

NAH.

He smirked to himself, passing through the employee's door and grabbing his staff from the umbrella holder (workers weren't allowed to hold things while handling the merchandise), allowing the wind to fly him to the room North had presented him with.

The party would be in a few hours. He'd just take a short nap, and _then_ get ready.

Just a littleâ€¦ bit ofâ€¦ restâ€¦

He flopped down on the bed, entering the land of dreams (Sandy had provided him with a rather bad one this time, filled with Bunnymund singing along with North to some Christmas Hymns).

Spirits didn't usually need rest. They only require sleep when they're mentally stressed, spiritually wounded or spiritually incomplete.

Needless to say, Jack was _plenty_ stressed about the upcoming party. He had to maintain his 'roguish charm' in front of the rest of the spirits _while_ trying not to offend Hiccup.

Hardest task EVER.

Now, while the spirit of snow swam in the world of dreams, one other spirit was facing a particularly distasteful dilemma.

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third clutched his head, messing up his layered red-hair as he stared at himself in the framed mirror.

Bunnymund snickered and tried to hold in a fit of laughter.

He failed miserably.

"_HAHAHAHAHAHAHA_!"

The rabbit slapped his paw onto his snout, trying to muffle his laughter. The look Hiccup was giving him was _priceless_. Confused and alarmed, yet irritated and embarrassed at the same time.

Like a really agitated _doe_.

Not to mention the _ridiculous_ frilly pink, 19th century pink and frilly dress he had on.

"You told me this was a robe!" The Berkian cried indignantly, unzipping the side of the dress and stripping back down to his underpants. He flung the hideous thing aside, yanking on his tunic and flopping back down onto the cushions.

They were in a secret room hidden around the west end of Bunnymund's warren, where he kept a set of human clothing he'd collected over the years, along with a few other knick-knacks, like knitting materials and gardening tools.

Don't even ask _why_ _he_ owned a pink, frilly dress.

"Alright, alright, I was just messin' around with ya, mate! No need to get all huffy, yeah?" The rabbit said, his laughter finally dying away. The rabbit turned to the pile of clothes he had, frowning in concentration.

"Let's see, you're gonna need pants. _Long _ones, and uh, shoesâ€¦| rightâ€¦|" The latter threw aside a bonnet and some slippers, burying his head under the pile of clothes, digging furiously.

Hiccup rolled his eyes and nibbled on his lip. He hoped there'd be something fitting, at least. He didn't want to show up at a party with several powerful spirits dressed in the simple garments he wore now. It would be rather embarrassing, even for a Viking like himself, who usually wore nothing but raggedy old clothes and battered armor and furs.

"Hey, Hiccupâ€¦| tell me how ya feel about _slits_."

* * *

><p>Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

-x-

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.

-x-

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

-x-

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow

Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tinny reindeer.

__-x-__

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,

_And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name!_

__-x-__

"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! On, Cupid! on, on Donner and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!

Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

__-x-__

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,

With the sleigh full of Toys, and St Nicholas too.

__-x-__

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.

__-x-__

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.

__-x-__

His eyes-how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

_ -x- _

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

_ -x- _

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

_ -x- _

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose!

_ -x- _

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"*

* * *

><p>The party had begun!

Jack could hear voices coming from the brightly lit room ahead, the warm glow of lit lamps contrasting with the frozen walls and snowy floor of the Ice Palace. Frosting a nearby wall of ice for decorative reasons, Jack chose to trail behind North at a much slower speed.

Well actually, North had gone on _ages_ ago, willing to give the younger spirit some 'space' to prepare himself.

Not that he was nervous about meeting new spirits or anything; he was fine with meeting other worldly powerful and great spirits who were much older and more well-known than he was.

He was _totally cool_ with the idea of strangers.

Hey, that was sort of like a punâ^'

The snow-haired guardian pinched himself on the arm, despite not being able to feel the full burn due to the long black sleeve and white undershirt protecting his cold skin.

Yes, he was fitted into the snug suit, after a little bit of struggling (well, okay, A LOT of struggling) and much embarrassment from asking North for help. The old man had laughed in his face and practically stuffed the snow spirit into the suit. Phill had watched on with a certain sadistic gleam in his eyes.

And in his defence, he'd never worn an actual suit during the long span of his life and death on Earth. And if he could help it, he'd never wear one again, the nasty, uncomfortable, suffocating_ piece of crap_.

It made him look good, but it certainly didn't make him feel good. Jack wondered why the humans bothered to look dapper in make-up or tight-fitting outfits when they felt this uncomfortable.

"_Jaaaack_!" An excited squeal interrupted him from his thoughts, and the frost spirit jumped as he was tackled by Toothiana, the Guardian of Memories. She had clutched his neck in a tight lockhold, giggling gleefully as she embraced her favourite spirit (mostly due to the perfect condition of his teeth).

They laughed as he hugged her back, patting her on the back as if to coax her into releasing her grip, though overjoyed to see her.

"Hey, Tooth! How's everything been for you?"

"Great! The teeth are pouring in, and everything's running perfectly!" She cooed, and pried open his jaw gently with her thin fingers, eyes staring intently into his mouth. "Let's see now, ahhhh!"

Jack grunted as she prodded his molars, fangs and gums, his arms flailing in protest.

"_Stahp, Toothffâ^'!_"

"Oops," She squeaked, removing her hands from his face. "Force of habit, sorry!"

The other guardian chuckled, massaging his sore jaw while licking his chapped lips. "It's alrightâ€| you look good, by the way. Didn't know you were into gold jewellery " He finished dryly.

Tooth rolled her eyes at his sarcasm (for almost everything she owned had a trace of gold) and adjusted her golden wristbands, necklace and headpiece respectively. She had also put on a silk sash that trailed down to her feet, the soft pink clashing nicely against her feathers.

"Yeah, well, I didn't know you were into suits. I have to say, you look very handsome! Where'd you get it?" She said, tugging him towards the direction of the dining hall.

They fell into step (Tooth ceased her flying, not wanting to ruin her sash), with Jack straightening his tie as the voices got louder. Their soft footsteps only seemed to further tense the snow spirit, still slightly jittery about meeting new people.

"North gave me a little helpâ€ well, in exchange for a _little_ slave labour."

"That must've been hard on you." Her sly tone brought a smile to his face. He took her arm, taking on a rather accurate version of a British accent.

"You've no idea, _darling_. Phill's a monster."

She giggled, and winced a little as Jack swung the glass (or was it ice?) door open, the bright light attacking her eyes. There was a momentary pause of silence as the guests eyed the two newcomers. But then no sooner had they began to stare, the conversations picked up from where they left off, the sound of chatter once again filling up the room.

As soon as Toothiana's vision cleared up, she spotted an old friend, then squealed and hurried over to Mother Goose, the Guardian of Stories, leaving Jack to stand alone by the door.

He swallowed as some of the unfamiliar and intimidating-looking spirits turned to him.

"Who's that?" A brown-haired boy raised his eyebrows as he surveyed Jack from head to toe. The boy was decked all in green (though his tunic was a little darker than his pants), and dressed rather casually for a formal dinner, save for the brown leather boots and arm warmers.

"Ah, _Jack Frost_! Yes, come here! We have to introduce you!" North rushed over next to the guardian from where he had been conversing with Sandy (well, Sandy signed).

The Sandman gave Jack a little wave and a knowing smile, who returned it with a slight upturn of his lips, his bright blue eyes uncertain and shy at his situation, but comforted by the presence of an old friend.

"_Everyone_! Meet Jack Frost, the new guardian!" North boomed. As the other guests drew closer to them, giving Jack a once over, the snow guardian wondered which would be firstâ€ the collapse of the Ice Palace due to North's ridiculous vocal volume...

... Or him melting into a puddle of goo onto the floor.

"Hey there! I'm Peter! Nice to meet you!" The casually dressed boy with a British accent stepped forward, a bright smile on his face with a glint of mischief in those chocolate-brown eyes. Jack blinked, then gave him a little nod back, clicking his tongue.

"_Peter_ as inâ€| _Peter Pan_?" He asked uncertainly.

The boy nodded, and as if to prove his point, he immediately floated up a few meters above the rest.

"I've heard plenty 'bout you, Jack! It's a shame you hid yourself so muchâ€ we could've had a lotta fun!"

Jack huffed, feeling himself warm up a little. This kid reminded him of himself. At least not everyone at the party made him feel like an inadequate slacker. It was rather sad, but true, the way Jack felt about himself and how insecure he was compared to the other spirits.

When Jack compared himself to the other spirits in the room, he felt ratherâ€| _unaccomplished_.

It was about time he did more for the worldâ€| for the children.

As Peter flew off after a brief chat, North returned to his conversation with Sandy, leaving Jack in the midst of all the other guests, who had gone back to minding their own business. As much as the guardian of fun wanted to do the same, he was unfortunately accosted in less than a minute.

"'Ello! Me name is _Larry_!" Jack blinked and spun around at the sound of a high-pitched and cheerful voice. He eyed the chattering spirits behind him, each engrossed in their own conversations.

Huh. There was nobody there. Maybe he was hearing thingsâ€'

"Oy! _Down 'ere, laddie!_"

Jack slowly turned his head towards the ground, and soon found himself face-to-faceâ€| well, _knee-to-face_ with a sharply dressedâ€|

â€| Leprechaun?

"Pleased to finally meet ya! You look like a strapping young lad, not at all like the bumbling toothpick Bunnymund made ya out ta' be!"

The snow spirit's eyebrow twitched.

BUMBLING TOOTHPICK!?!

Oh, that was a low blow. Jack swallowed a throaty growl and forced a smile onto his lips. He bent down slightly and shook Larry's hand, marvelling at his strong grip, despite his size.

"So, you're the Saint Patrick's day leprechaunâ€| huh? Do you _really_ live in a pot of gold?" He asked frankly, forgetting his manners for a moment. He winced at what he just said, hoping that Larry wouldn't take it to heart.

To his relief, he didn't.

Larry merely sighed, twirling the end of his red beard. The colour was someone similar to Hiccup's, though not as bright.

'Definitely_ not as bright_', Jack thought.

"Of course I don't, ya nitwit! I don't live in the gold or for the gold! The treasure only reveals itself to those who _deserve_ it. I'm

just there ta' make sure the spirits don't try anything stupid! Precious stuff, the treasure is!" The leprechaun said proudly, crossing his arms.

Jack's eyebrow arched. "Oh? What kind of treasure is it?"

"Well," Larry eyed Jack up and down, as though judging whether he was worthy to be told this 'special' piece of information. Deeming him worthy, the leprechaun continued. "It's something you _need_, but can't want_, and something_ you don't wantâ€| but need_. It depends on the person, really."

"â€| Say_ what_?" Jack tilted his head, an exasperated expression on his features. _Man_ he hated riddles! Never really appreciated the _mystery_ of themâ€| he would rather the questions be asked in a more straightforward way.

"It's something you'll know when ya need to, boy! Thoughâ€| hopefully, you never will." Larry gave him a wink, then skipped off over to Toothiana and Sandy.

Jack tugged at his bowtie nervously. "Huhâ€| wonder what that was about."

North laughed boisterously, his heavy feet making their way over to Jack once again. Was the man drunk? Slightly tipsy even? Judging by how quickly the bottle of vodka in North's hands was emptying out, it was a pretty safe deduction. The guardian of wonder thumped the snow-haired spirit on the back, grinning madly.

"So, how has everyone been so far? Have you met everyone yet?"

"Uh, not yet. Though to be honest, I didn't expect there to be so little of you."

"Ah,_ yes, yes_! That is because though there are many spirits, we have _different families_! Origins, the humans call it. Each one of us here is of the Western folklore! And then not even all of us are united. We each have our own little groups, with the people we get along with best!" North explained, his eyes sparkling with life.

Jack nodded, taking in this source of information. So there was still more of the spirits out there? That was understandable, yes.

'_I wonder what the other spirit families are likeâ€|'_ Jack hummed as he mindlessly eyed the crowd of socializing people exchanging smiles and warm wishes.

He suddenly felt out of place.

What the hell was he _doing_ here? He didn't belong here; not with all these great spirits who knew etiquette and displayed decorum. _He had to get some air_â€^'

"BUNNY! _YOU'RE LATE_!" North bellowed, stomping swiftly over to Bunnymund, who was dressed in what looked like his usual ensemble, though bronze-plated with gold embroidering. He also wore shoulder pads that emphasized their broadness along with gold anklets with tribal carvings on them.

All in all, Bunnymund certainly cleaned up well.

"And _HICCUP_! You are looking very sharp, eh? So how have you been liking staying with Bunny? Not easy, I'm thinking." North chuckled, taking another swig of his vodka, not paying attention to Bunnymund's offended expression and Hiccup's laugh of amusement.

"What's that supposed to mean, you old coot?!" Bunnymund exclaimed.

Hiccup was here! In the room! Finally, the moment he had been waiting for!

Jack's interest was piqued. Oh _fucking snowflakes_â`

The guardian of wonder felt his heartbeat increasing slightly (a lot). Oh GREAT. This was so not the time for him to be derping out. Though he still couldn't see Hiccup thanks to the two great lumberjacks blocking his view.

"_Alright_. C'mon, Jack! Just _go_." He hissed to himself, his jaw set.

Toothiana raised her eyebrows and shot him a bewildered look from across the room, but then her curiosity turned into a knowing smile. She gave him a wink and a thumbs up, making shooing motions with her hands. He pinked, and began to make his way towards themâ€|

... Towards _Hiccup_.

Being so nervous and unlike himself- all because of one bumbling and shy, Norwegian no-name spiritâ€| Jack sighed to himself as he pondered that thought. Sometimes he wished he could stay as cool as the snow he created.

_Three pacesâ€| twoâ€| oneâ€| _

"Uhâ€| hey, Hiccupâ`" Jack froze as he finally caught an eyeful of what Hiccup was wearing. Literally froze. He even stopped breathingâ` or at least until he felt Bunnymund jab his side sharply, _thank god_.

"â€| Do I look weird?" Hiccup asked insecurely, shyly looking to the side and fiddling with the hem of his sash nervously.

The Norwegian spirit was dressed in a silk, emerald green robe with a Chinese-styled collar, the buttons beginning at the bottom of his adam's apple and leaving a large diamond-shaped gap till his collarbone.

The silk was patterned with lilies and the shoulders were cut off, revealing a second layer of darker green cloth underneath the top, a long slit beginning from his mid-biceps until his wrist, where it ended in a bunch tied together with golden thread.

The ends of the robe lasted till his knees, hemmed with more golden embroidery, and the black cloth pants ended at his ankles, where a pair of dainty brightly coloured golden-embroidered green slippers covered two average sized-feet.

His hair was let loose, though neater than before, and combed into position. The edges of Hiccup's fringe framed his features perfectly.

"â€¦ You look soâ€¦" Jack struggled to find the right word in his mind, not wanting to be _too_ flattering, so as to keep up the cool guy image in front of North and Bunnymund.

But, _damn_â€¦ what he'd give to be alone in a room with Hiccup right then, just the both of them and preferably him cornering Hiccup to the wall on their leftâ€¦

Jack mentally kicked himself in the ass.

Goddamn, these hormones were getting out of control.

Sexual frustration was no joke.

"Great. You lookâ€¦ really great." Jack muttered, giving Hiccup a coy smile. North grinned and patted Hiccup on the back while Bunnymund rolled his eyes.

Hiccup blushed to the tip of his ears, and twiddled his fingers nervously.

"T-Thank you. And you look reallyâ€¦ really nice." Hiccup mumbled, trailing off softly.

Jack felt his lips twitch into a smile.

Hiccup thought he looked _nice_!

****YES!****

"Heh, thanks." Jack gave the newly born spirit a little wink in return.

Bunnymund shivered uncomfortably and excused himself, heading towards the drinks.

It was weird seeing Jack Frost flirt like a desperate teenaged boy, he thought to himself. Hopefully they would both get over their shyness and spare them all the pathetic display of sexual tension.

Just as he was about to examine the selection of man-made alcohol (North had everything, from vodka to whisky to wine and beerâ€¦ though it was mostly vodka), the host of the party cleared his throat.

"Let us all adjourn to the dining hall! We have a _feast_ prepared for all of you!"

Hiccup and Jack exchanged glances.

"So uhâ€¦ let's get going."

"Ahâ€¦ of course! Which way is this dining hall?" Hiccup asked, looking around the room curiously while tugging on the hem of his

robe. Jack's staring made him feel rather nervous.

"I've got no idea, doll. Let's just follow North."

Jack placed a hand on Hiccup's back, ignoring the latter's darkening blush. They followed the other spirits into the cool hallways (Peter laughed as he saw Jack's handiwork) in silence. Neither Jack nor Hiccup said anything to each other.

Jack was content, while Hiccup was having some sort of deranged mental debacle.

'_Did he just call me a doll?! I'm not a girl! Gah, this is so EMBARRASSING!_' Hiccup sighed and covered his face with his hands. If Stoick were here

It didn't bear thinking about.

"Something wrong?" Jack asked curiously, noticing Hiccup's odd behavior. The latter sighed again, shaking his head.

"It's nothing!"

* * *

<p>The dinner was pleasantly normal.</p>

Well, as normal as a bunch of guardians squeezed into a freezing cold dinner hall with magically glowing chandeliers, ice chairs and a long ice table with music coming from nowhere could get.

The variety of foods served was _unbelievable_. From beef to turkey, salmon to tuna, carrots to cheese and broccoli and baked potato with bacon! There were fruits located at the left of each plate to help balance the palette after the helping of heavier foods.

Hiccup nibbled appreciatively on his slice of meat. This was delicious!

Unlike the overcooked, tough mutton they had to survive on back on Berk, this meat was deliciously juicy and well flavoured, tenderized to perfection.

Jack had already finished his food, and was taking a few sips of the wine set out for each of them. It was poured into a fancy golden goblet, Jack noted. It made him feel kind of grand drinking out of it. No wonder the nobles did it back in the old days.

Though it was a big waste of such fine minerals.

"Alright... now who's up for _dancing_!" Toothiana said cheerily, flying up from her seat towards the other set of large, carved ice doors.

Strange how he didn't notice them there before, Jack pondered. This castle gave him the chills, with its automatically powered lights, ever changing doors and mysterious aura. Was it magic? Most probably it was a freaking _Ice_ Palace for crying out loud. Jack and North had entered via a large tunnel at the back, so he had assumed that this entire structure was underground.

So magic was definitely required to keep all the structures frozen.

And who owned this place, anyway? It couldn't possibly be North, for he would have mentioned it or something in his enthusiastic rambles about the Christmas party during their conversations in the past few days.

"Uhâ€¦ Jack?"

The snow spirit snapped out of his thoughts and eyed Hiccup from across the table, who was chewing on his lips nervously.

"Yeah?"

"They've all gone over to the other roomâ€¦" Hiccup said, pointing to the (now) open doors, where they could see glimpses of the other spirits merrily dancing to the Radetzky March, clapping and moving in sync with the joyful tunes.

Jack pondered. For just about a few seconds.

"Nah. I feel like going out for some fresh air. Care to join me?" Jack flashed his companion one of his charming _nope-you-can't-say-no-to-me_ smiles.

Hiccup laughed nervously as he felt his heart melting at that smile._ Curse you, Jack Frost_! "Sure! Fresh air sounds good!"

Jack smirked and got up from his seat, walking over to the other side of the long (ice) dining table and offering the redhead his right hand with a grand bow, and then knelt down next to Hiccup's (ice) chair.

"Shall we?"

Hiccup nodded mutely, slipping his hand into Jack's.

* * *

><p>As they strolled further up the stairs, the sounds of the Radetzky March grew softer and softer. There was suddenly a eerie silence in the air, and Jack clutched Hiccup's hand gently in his icy-cool one. He continued leading the other up the stairs.<p>

"Do you even know where the surface is?" Hiccup asked nervously, eyeing the deserted area. Maybe straying away from the others without telling them was a bad ideaâ€¦ they could get lost. For _days_ even, considering the size of this Palace. It could end with them becoming phantoms of the Ice Palace, maybe even imprisoned in this underground prison for years on end without anybody noticing they were gone...

Noticing how Hiccup's body went rigid, the snow spirit laughed. His bright laugh comforted Hiccup's soul and mind, easing the bad thoughts away from his over imaginative mind.

"_Relax_, Hiccup!" Jack gave his hand a gently squeeze, massaging his

fingers as they began ascending another set of stairs.

Hiccup could only nod mutely in response as his cheeks heated up further. Jack was acting ratherâ€¦ strange tonight. The snow spirit wasn't being perverted, obnoxious or brash in his actionsâ€¦ but more restrained and cordial.

He wondered if Jack was doing this for himâ€¦?

As they climbed staircase after staircase, they_ finally_ began to feel the even chiller outside air, and the gusts of wind coming from the top, messing up their hair and ruffling their robes.

Jack whooped as he felt the wisps of wind surround his body, then increased his speed, lifting the both of them high up into the air, and proceeded to fly them to the very top of the stairs. Thank goodness for the wind! They would have been stuck climbing for about another fifteen minutes if it weren't for his old friend!

Hiccup yelped as he hung onto Jack for dear life. How did he do that?! Just take off flying, and with such control? Hiccup couldn't even remember how he had flown back then.

Once Jack set them down, Hiccup collapsed onto the ground, panting and clutching at his adrenaline pumping heart.

"â€¦ Hey, wait a minute! Why didn't you just fly us up here in the first place?" Hiccup questioned, an eyebrow raised. Jack snorted, and gripped Hiccup by the arms, helping the Norwegian up. "There's _no wind_ down there. I can only fly when there's wind! The wind is my friend." He replied, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Hiccup laughed softly. So it wasn't himself who flew, but something else!

"I seeâ€¦ so it must have been the wind who picked me up at the beginning, then."

"The beginning?"

"Yes. When I had just_ awakened_, as North said."

Jack shrugged.

Getting 'picked up' by the wind sounded a hell lot better than bursting out through a thin sheet of ice like a flower blooming out of nowhere. He kept that piece of information to himself though, not wanting to repulse the other.

That Jack was basically an... _icy-corpse_.

"C'mon, let's check out the view." Jack said, motioning to the edge of the platform, where a set of twined small-pillars substituted for a railing.

The two headed out through the entrance, and onto the cement balcony. As they walked out further into the open, Jack realized that this particular structure was basically attached to the edge of a _mountain_.

That's right.

An actual mountain, covered with snow and ice. Where the blue blazes were they, anyway? Canada? He couldn't tell, with the large expanse of nothingness in the fields below them, containing nothing but a blanket of pure-white snow.

Though they were rather high up, there were very little clouds, giving them a perfect view of their surroundings. And not to mention they had no trouble breathing. Being a spirit had its perks sometimes, he guessed.

"â€¦ The sky is really pretty." Hiccup said dreamily as he stared up into the deep velvet above their heads, dotted with sparkling jewels of life. Hiccup never knew and never cared to know where stars came from.

Despite his evident love for science, he'd rather leave a little mystery in his life. It made everything seem a little brighter, rather than just believing in the rocky cores of physics and such, like how Gobber did.

"If ya can't see it, feel it or hear it... then it's probably not worth of yer time. Just focus on what's 'ere now, Hiccup!"

"Yeahâ€¦ it sure is." Jack replied, leaning on the railing. Hiccup did the same, placing his elbows onto the cold surface and leaning his head onto the base of his palms.

The two admired the view in silence for minutes on end, a comfortable silence resting in the area. It was the first time Hiccup had felt such serenity and peace since he had awoken. Knowing that hundreds of years later, he was still able to find beauty and peace in the world, comforted him in a way. He felt the throbbing pain of homesickness slowly subside, losing himself in the time which was now.

He was so deep in thought, Hiccup didn't notice Jack scooting closer, inch by inch.

Nor did he notice the way Jack stared at him, eyes filled with affection and mischief.

"Hiccupâ€¦" Jack said throatily, his voice tinged with want and yet... nervousness.

At the sound of his name, Hiccup slowly turned his head to the left. The feeling of a strong arm wrapping around his waist, pulling him to a strong chest, a hand cupping his cheek and cool lips brushing against hisâ€¦

Was thisâ€¦ a kiss?

...

Jack was kissing him?

...

Jack was kissing him.

...

****_JACK WAS KISSING HIM._****

"_Mnrhphhhâ^'!" Hiccup squeaked, his voice muffled, as he tried to tug out of Jack's hold. The latter refused to let go, and instead rubbed gentle circles on the Norwegian's lower back, trying to coax him into enjoy the moment.

Hiccup blushed, enjoying and yet rejecting the feeling of those cold hands touching him and the chilling sensation he felt down his spine and skin. His eyes fluttered shut, too embarrassed to look into Jack's any longer. His cheeks were now a delicious Santa-suit red, and his body trembling slightly, hands placed uncertainly in-between their bodies.

'_How cute_.' Jack thought, smirking into the kiss.

They stayed like that for a few more seconds, absorbing the feeling of just their lips touching and bodies pressed together, the warmth in their hearts contrasting with the icy winds surrounding them. It felt nice.

Not like the heated make-out session Jack would have preferred to have, but this felt _glorious_ all the same.

Just as Jack was about to _attempt_ to take the kiss to the next level, a familiar voice came from the inside of the Palace.

"_Oy, Jack! Hiccup!_ _Are ya' out there?_"

Jack froze. He then reluctantly pulled away, immediately missing the feel of Hiccup's lips against his, while cursing Bunnymund under his breath. That fucking kangaroo just _HAD_ to come now. He made a mental note to slip some chilli into the Easter Bunny's wine later on.

Hiccup just continued to blush, trying to ignore the fact that Jack's cold hand still rested on his hip, near the slit which separated the back and front of his robe. That was electrifying! It was nothing like the kisses he had shared with Astrid back when they had been dating.

Those kisses, he had felt in control, calm and happy.

But thisâ€¦ this was adrenaline, confusion, attraction and _excitement_!

It was so very, very different. Not necessarily badâ€¦ but it _scared_ him. Hiccup had never felt such discomposure, not even when he had been battling the Red Death, which had been practically the most dangerous time during his human life.

He had always felt so sure, with plans and a hypothesis standing by to prepare for what would most likely happenâ€¦ even with the Red Death.

But with Jackâ€¦

Well, who could possibly anticipate _him_?

"Ah, _ there_ ya are! Where have you two been? We're 'bout to cut the cake in a few, y'know!" Bunnymund grunted, stepping out onto the balcony, stretching his sore arms and legs from all the dancing and clapping and trying to escape North's strong hugs.

Then... Bunnymund noticed the hand on Hiccup's hip. He blinked.

Then something just clicked.

"â€| Were you twoâ^'" He began to speak...

"_HICCUP!_" Jack cut Bunnymund off, grabbing the Norwegian's arm and urging him towards the inside of the Palace. He threw Bunnymund a glare over his shoulder, narrowing his eyes dangerously. It almost intimidated Bunnymund.

Almost.

'_Don't you even say a word of this to anyone or I'll freeze your ass to a tree!' _Jack's glare seemed to read. Bunnymund snorted and crossed his arms, amusedly eyeing the two's retreating backs and how awkwardly they moved.

He began to snort as he noticed somethingâ^'

"Oh, and Hiccup!"

The redhead turned around at Bunnymund's call. "Yes?"

"You've got some frost on your _bum_, mate. Lovely pattern, that is. Did Jack design that specially for you?"

Hiccup's squeal of embarrassment and Jack's gasp of indignation were music to Bunnymund's ears. The bunny wondered if North was rubbing off on him a little bit too much. Though it was worth it though.

Jack and Hiccup scrambled away from Bunnymund's view, leaving the guardian of hope to laugh to himself, clutching at his stomach.

"Best Christmas ever!" He wheezed, making a note to tell Toothiana later on.

* * *

><p>*This is one of my most favourite poems EVER! "Twas the Night Before Christmas" by Clement Clark Moore.

**Hope you enjoyed this chapter! **

End
file.